





SATURDAY MORNING.  
Washington.

**O**BREGON A CANDIDATE  
TO SUCCEED CARRAN

*First Chief will Support Him at  
Coming General Election*

**E**L PARO (s. r.) July 21.—Gen. Venustiano Carranza will not be a candidate for President of Mexico. Gen. Alvaro Obregon will be a candidate for the Presidency and will receive Gen. Carranza's support.

This was announced tonight by a high Carranza official. He is probably the closest to Gen. Carranza in Mexico and is the only man in Northern Mexico with whom Gen. Carranza carries on a

and Vice-president of the Republic. Carranza will not establish through the federal congress a system of municipal elections. Municipal elections are to be held in the next national elections are that the incoming President will have the greater part of the government of completely

A message was received from Gen. Gonzalez Trevino in Chihuahua that Villa was in the state and that Carranza's troops were sending for him.

To him Gen. Carranza recently confided his plans for the immediate future. The first chief intends to remain in charge of the executive affairs of the union until peace has

established in the form of government. When he has done this, he will step out and permit Oregon, whose candidacy he will openly support, to assume the place as the first constitutional President since Madero. It is said that this has been a tacit understanding between Gen. Carranza and Gen. Oregon since Carranza assumed the executive position

ports that Gen. Obregon would break with Gen. Carranza and attempt to take charge of the government.

**NO OPPOSITION.**

It is stated by this same authority that there is no one in Mexico who could be elected in opposition to Gen. Obregon should Gen. Carranza announce that he will not be a candidate for the Presidency and Gen. Obregon accept the nomination.

**STORM KILLS FORTY  
NEAR MEXICO**

To prove that he is not putting off Oregon with promises, Gen. Carranza has ordered the municipal elections to be held early in August preliminary to holding the State Congress elections, the elections for Governor and delegates to the National Congress, which must precede the national election for President

Man for Job.  
**CALLES JUMPS ON LID  
WHEN CANANEANS RO**  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]

**DOUGLAS** Ariz.) July 21.—On receiving reports today that the civilian population of Cananea participated in riots coincident with the return of American employees of the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company from the border, Gen. F. Wilson Collier, military governor of the territory, ordered the arrest of all persons, regardless of their names, shot or imprisoned in the town. Collier also ordered Gen. Crespo to send troops to the town, to keep the peace in Cananea and disperse the strikers. The Arizona Daily Globe, Fimber, Ore's Chief of Cananea by mail.

Mexican authorities in

Sonora, issued orders that every disturber be placed under arrest. It was intimated at the comandancia in Agua Prieta, that the leaders, re-

## SUMARIO ESPAÑOL SOBRE LA SITUACION FRONTERA

[Telegramas para "The Times" condensados y traducidos.]

**D**OUGLAS (Aris.) Julio 21.—Hoy recibí el general Plutarco Elías Calles, gobernador militar del estado de Sonora, varios telegramas urgentes en los que le avisaban que el objeto de relevar a los comandantes de camiones y de tiempo detenidos en la frontera y cuyo destino es a la vez, ayudar a las industrias nacionales.

una parte de la poblacion civil de Cananea se habia amotinado con motivo de la llegada de los empleados americanos pertenecientes a la Compania Cananea Consolidated Copper Co. los cuales iban a

tomar posesión de sus antiguos puestos. Tan luego como el general Calles se informó del contenido de los mensajes, expidió violentas órdenes para que los agitadores fueran inmediatamente arrestados y encerrados en cárceles. Se rumorea que la comandancia militar de Agua Prieta, que los cabecillas del motín, sin tomarse en consideración la posición social o pecuniaria que guarden, serán o juzgados o condenados a sufrir largas prisiones.

WASHINGTON, Julio 21.—El De-

partamento de la Tesorería de los Estados Unidos expidió hoy las ordenes conducentes para que cesaran las restricciones sobre las exportaciones a México. De hoy en adelante, toda clase de mercancías podrán ser exportadas para ese país, con excepción de las municiones de guerra y maquinarias que

**HYGIENE OF ARMY CAMP  
FOUND TO BE EXCELLENT**

WASHINGTON, July 31.—An- of one Indiana regiment  
other report today from Maj- in shelter tents, the troops  
today are comfortably ac-

Gen. Blum to the War Department on his inspection of National Guard camps on the Mexican border, said he found the encampment at Llano Grande, Donna, Mercedes and Harlingen, Tex., in an excellent

state of health, with sanitary conditions ranging from good to excellent.

The dispatch follows:  
"Finished inspection of Minnesota

and Indiana infantry brigades and two regiments of Nebraska infantry and auxiliary troops from these States, all stationed at Llano Grande and portions of Texas infantry brigade, stationed at Donna, Mercedes and Harlingen. With the exception







# The Times Free Information Bureau

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THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION BUREAU is for the accommodation and benefit of persons seeking information of travel, desirable hotels and resorts, and recreation and recuperation at the seashore or in the mountains. It is a free service, and is maintained by the Times as a public service. It is a free service, and is maintained by the Times as a public service. It is a free service, and is maintained by the Times as a public service.

## Plan Your Vacation With the Aid of

# The Times Information Bureaus

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Literature distributed and information disseminated relative to Hotels, Apartments, Camps, Resorts, Amusements and Railway and Steamship Lines.

Well informed persons in charge, capable of answering all inquiries.

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This Service is Absolutely Free

## ARLINGTON HOTEL

SANTA BARBARA

An absolutely fireproof hotel—All Outside Rooms, affording plenty of light and air—Headquarters for Tourists from all parts of the world. Private Lavatories in connection with all rooms. Ideal climate the year round. Automobile road is now perfect. 24 hours' run Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Unexcelled facilities for care of automobiles in hotel grounds.

R. P. DUNN, Lessee.

## The Most Attractive and Sportiest Golf Links

in California.

Speed your vacation at

## CATALINA

Good Accommodations at Moderate Rates in Island Villa and Canyons City.

New Motorcade—Excellent Cuisine—Moderate Prices.

FREE BAND CONCERTS AND FREE DANCING FOR PATRONS OF WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY (HAWAIIAN LINE) STEAMERS ONLY.

For information and reservations apply

BANNING COMPANY, Agents.

194 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles. Phone Main 34; Home 1484.

## RADIUM SULPHUR SPRINGS

Natural Radio-Active Mineral Water

IN FRANKLIN AND FRANKLIN LAKES CHAMBERS, CALIFORNIA. This is a natural radio-active mineral water, which is said to be of great benefit to the human system. It is a natural radio-active mineral water, which is said to be of great benefit to the human system. It is a natural radio-active mineral water, which is said to be of great benefit to the human system.

## MT. WILSON—New Hotel and Cabins and

Strain's Camp. 6000 Ft. Elevation.

Delightful air, purest spring water, picturesque walks, finest auto road in Southern California, private hotel, modern accommodations, excellent cuisine, and a fine view of the city and the mountains. The hotel is a fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## Hotel Virginia

Long Beach

Absolutely fireproof. Modern accommodations, excellent cuisine, and a fine view of the city and the mountains. The hotel is a fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## Walter Hempel's

Pierpont Inn

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## CAMP BALDY

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## GLENN RANCH RESORT

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## Ye Alpine Tavern

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## OAKGLEN LODGE

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## VENICE—FIREWORKS!

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## STURTEVANT CAMP

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## Superb Routes of Travel

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## IT COSTS NO MORE TO GO EAST

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

San Francisco

A fine example of modern architecture, and the camp is a fine example of modern camping.

## VENICE

Saturday Evening

July 22

8:30 P. M. at

End of the Venice Pier

3 P. M.—Sunday, July 23

Second Grand

Bull Fight

and Spanish Fiesta

VENICE

Race Thru the Clouds Enclosure

4 Wild Bulls

6 Bull Fighters

12—Beautiful Spanish Senoritas—12

Gypsy Ballads—Spanish Dances

Take PACIFIC ELECTRIC CARS—HILL STREET

## Summer Vacation Fares

THE WHITE FLIES

YALE and HARVARD

\$6.35 SAN FRANCISCO \$10.50

One Way. SUNDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, ROUND TRIP.

Return Limit Round Trip Tickets, 1 Month.

Daylight Excursions to

\$2.35 SAN DIEGO \$2.50

One Way. EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

Return Limit, 10 Days.

Special Summer Excursions to All Eastern Ports. Through Tickets to

PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.

Home Office: 411 South Broadway, Broadway 1881

PARADISE OFFICE: 41 East Colorado Street.

LONG BEACH OFFICE: 1400 Broadway.

OCEAN PARK OFFICE: 1400 Broadway.

## San Francisco and Portland Without Change

STEAMSHIP ROSE CITY

Sails Wednesday, July 26

Low Fares, Including Meals and Berth.

Round Trip Excursion Fares.

Yellowstone and Glacier National Park

Through Tickets to All Points in

United States and Canada.

SAILING AUGUST 2

C. G. KRUEGER, Dist. Pass. Agt.

517 South Spring Street Home A3751—Main 1904

## FREE BERTH AND MEALS

ROUND TRIP EXCURSIONS

## British Killed.

(Continued from Second Page.)

while the German air attacks have been up to now directed exclusively against fortresses or field works. In that the French raids it is said that the British killed.

"We shall now be forced," says the report "to use our strong battle squadrons for the purpose of reprisals. A great number of peaceful French towns outside the zone of the field operations are within the reach of our air squadrons."

RUSSIAN RETIRE. (ST. WIRELESS AND A. P.)

BERLIN, July 21 (via Sayville).—A retirement of the Russians in one of the Volhynian battle fronts is reported in the Austro-Hungarian army headquarters report of July 20, which says:

"In Volhynia the Germans pushed the enemy back west of the Zaslav (Bielinsky?) lowlands toward the north."

"In the Italian war theater the situation is generally quiet."

AUSTRIANS SINK U-BOAT. (ST. WIRELESS AND A. P.)

BERLIN, July 21 (via Sayville).—The destruction of a Northern Adriatic, July 15, of two submarines one of them Italian, by Austrian torpedo boats, is announced in an official communication received here today from Vienna.

GOVERNOR PARDONS SOLDIER FUGITIVE. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

FRANKFORT (Ky.) July 21.—A fugitive for twenty years, Milton Franklin, under sentence for life imprisonment, was pardoned today by Gov. Stanley.

Franklin, who was pardoned today after he appeared at the Frankfort Reformatory and surrendered to Warden Wells.

Franklin was convicted on a charge of murder twenty years ago. He escaped from the Frankfort Reformatory, where he was being held pending an appeal from the sentence.

According to the story he told reformatory officials, he enlisted in the United States army soon after his escape, and is now a corporal, stationed at Columbus, O., on recruiting duty.

PRUDENTIAL LIFE DISMISSES AGENTS. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEWARK (N. J.) July 21.—The Prudential Life Insurance Company, it was announced tonight, has decided to dismiss every agent who is a member of the newly-organized Communist Party.

This move followed a meeting of the agents, at which it was voted to strike in honor of a single man was discharged by the company.

More than 100 of the agents met tonight, and later it was said there would be no strike unless the company made "wholesale dismissals of men prominent in the work of organizing the agents."

PEST DECREASING.

New York Public Health Board Not to be Optimistic at Fewer Cases. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, July 21.—Although reports to the department of health today showed only eight new cases of infantile paralysis, the smallest number since July 3, the authorities tonight warned the public not to become optimistic.

Haven Emerson asserted he would not be at all surprised if an increase, instead of a decrease, were shown by tomorrow, owing to the intense heat here.

The fact that many near-by cities have quarantined against New York led to a discussion of the advisability of well training the feet of the city here. Dr. Charles E. Banks, in charge of the United States public health service in New York, suggested the plan, but others suggested that the plan be dropped as a doubt as to its feasibility.

MORE EXPERTS TO SCENE. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Five more public health service surgeons were ordered to New York today to aid in the campaign to prevent spreading of the infantile paralysis epidemic. Twenty experts of the service already are there.

A little more than a year ago the two were seniors in the Queen Anne High School. They had been awarded a scholarship to the University of California, but they decided to stay in the United States to help in the fight against the epidemic.

OMAHA (Neb.) July 21.—John M. Thurston, former United States Senator from Nebraska, it is learned here today, is seriously ill at a hospital here. His physicians have not yet fully decided what his trouble is, but attribute it to the recent long stretch of extreme heat. Mr. Thurston is over 70 years old.

KANSAS BANK ROBBERED. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BONNER SPRINGS (Kan.) July 21.—Three men robbed the Lincoln State Bank of \$1000 this afternoon and escaped in an automobile. After leaving the bank they were joined by another car, one of the occupants of which was a woman.

FORMER SENATOR STRICKEN. (ST. A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

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## Happenings on the Pacific Slope

### FORBIDS OFFICERS IN GREAT PARADE.

REGULARS NOW BARRED FROM PREPAREDNESS RALLY.

Recruits at Monterey Keenly Disappointed at Latest Order of War Department—Maneuvers Next Week will be Similar to Those in European Conflict.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

MILITARY TRAINING CAMP (Monterey) July 21.—Maj.-Gen. J. B. Spear, head of the company, today made the announcement and also said that the company will begin planning for its ways at Warrenton within ten days, and within sixty days the keel will be laid for the first craft.

HYGIENE.

INNOCUOUS ARE SUCCESSFUL.

FEELING OF RELIEF PREVAILS AMONG SOLDIERS.

Only One Commissioned Officer has been Rejected for Physical Defects—California Men will Return to Homes in the Next Few Days.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

NOGALLES, July 21.—A general feeling of relief prevailed throughout camp tonight upon the announcement that the third and last inoculation for typhoid was successful and that there would be no more inoculations or inoculations for the present. Maj. C. Wier, in charge of the Seventh Regiment hospital, stated Friday night that of the smallpox vaccinations of 40 per cent had taken, and the results were highly satisfactory. These vaccinations were given at Sacramento. To complete revaccination this week over 600 vaccine needles were used.

Col. Schreiber Friday night made definite announcement that 124 would be returned to Southern California from the Seventh Regiment on account of the physical defects.

Only one commissioned officer was rejected, Capt. G. L. McQuinn of Co. L, Santa Ana. This leaves only 924 officers and men in the regiment. The departure of the discharged men was met with a feeling of relief and satisfaction.

Col. Schreiber says they will leave Tuesday or Wednesday. He also states there is no truth to the rumor that part of the regiment will be sent to the General Hospital at San Antonio.

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## LUMBER CARRIER

LIKE NOAH'S ARK.

Ship Now Being Built at Astoria will be Largest in the World.

(DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

ASTORIA (Or.) July 21.—The first ship to be built at the new yards of the American Shipbuilding Company will be the largest wooden lumber carrier in the world. The vessel will measure 115 feet in length and will have a beam of 32 feet. The cargo will be 2,500,000 feet of lumber. H. B. Spear, head of the company, today made the announcement and also said that the company will begin planning for its ways at Warrenton within ten days, and within sixty days the keel will be laid for the first craft.

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**TREASURER** Middleton to second. Ryan vice. Supt. Mitchellson to third. Wainman. A double ball was pitched, and Basler

**Pasadena.** Commander; William Harman v. Commander; G. O. Price, J. V. Commander; G. C. Seale, Adjutant. Dr. T. S. Roach, Paymaster; E. G. Woodruff; Quartermaster; H. E. Carson,

**BORDER WOMEN**

and that the two will look through the automobile factories together. They are expected to return to Pasadena August 1.

**SUNKIST ORANGES**  
**ABOARD SUBMARINE.**

**NOTICE—**

All sorts.  
Accommodations.  
Private owner has left this beautiful 5-passenger car for sale, purchased two months ago; start full from here. Here is an opportunity to get light-weight economical car at a bargain price.

1910-OAKLAND 1910-1910.  
PRIVATE. NEW GARAGE BUILT, HEAVY AND SPRING.  
ADVISE FIRST. FAMILY MATTERS QUICKLY and quickly solved. Call on me. I am a reliable friend. Advice, attorney, call and write-weight economical car at a bargain price.

GILBERTSON, ENGR., PHOTODUPLICATIONS BY DAY.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

**TO PLAY ORATOR**—The new musical comedy, "The Playboys," will open at the Washington, Va., and right down to the player's desk by the orchestra. The show is being presented by the player's desk by the orchestra. The show is being presented by the player's desk by the orchestra.

**LOCAL INSTRUMENTS**  
For Sale Exchange Wanted  
WANTED—WE BUY ALL KINDS OF PULPETS.  
1 to 4 months old. Get a sound one. Give  
all kinds of information. PHONOGRAPH  
PRY 815 N. WASHINGTON ST. PITTSBURGH

**CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer—Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower**

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## THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

### EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

#### At Eastlake Park.

An exceptionally interesting program has been arranged for the concert which will be given at Eastlake Park Sunday afternoon by Gregory's band.

#### Native Sons to Banquet.

The members of the "Dirty club" of the Sierra Madre Parlor, No. 235, N.E.W., will hold their tenth annual celebration banquet and reunion this evening at Casa Verdugo. An elaborate program of entertainment has been arranged. Christian Science Services.

Each of the nine Christian Science churches of this city will hold services tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 8 o'clock, except Fourth and Ninth churches, which will hold services at 11 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the evening. The subject for tomorrow is "Truth."

#### Headed for Cajon Pass.

Douglas White, industrial agent for the Salt Lake, who is with the Goodrich-Studenberg car, was turned away yesterday at the car passed through San Bernardino at 9:50 o'clock a.m., headed for Cajon Pass. The party, which includes C. H. Blum, a well-known Los Angeles car dealer, and C. C. Lamb of the Goodrich-Studenberg car, was given a rousing send-off at Redlands. The car was met by leading citizens and 100 feet of film was taken.

#### To Talk on Fusion Play.

Dr. E. Harvey Hadlock of Boston and San Francisco, well-known Chautauque speaker, will deliver his address on "The Fusion Play of Oberammergau," next Thursday evening at the Young Men's Christian Association. The lecture will be illustrated with 125 stereoscopic views of the play, which were made by Dr. Hadlock when he was in Bavaria studying the great production. No admittance fee will be charged.

#### All from Evansville.

The monthly meeting of the Evansville (Ind.) Society was held in the Times Assembly Rooms Thursday night. J. A. Hawley, president, was chairman. Those who took part in the program were Miss Marie Louden, Miss Anna Hewitt, H. J. Webber, Miss Bertha Gill, Mrs. Gertrude Burtcher, Mrs. Riley Park, Mrs. Mary Pettibone, Don M. Hicks and Mrs. Jennie McGinnis. There was dancing and refreshments were served.

#### Invited to Coast.

Public Works Commissioner P. P. O'Brien, who was named national delegate to the annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which is meeting in Manual Hall, Boston, forwarded yesterday a telegram to the convention inviting the next national convention to meet in San Francisco and make greetings from the Los Angeles county division. President O'Brien enclosed a check for \$100 from the local Hibernians, as their contribution to the Irish relief fund. Mr. O'Brien had planned to attend the convention in Boston, but his health would not permit the journey.

#### Expats Get Crowd.

More than 500 Exps from Los Angeles and vicinity are expected to attend the celebration of California Exps Day at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Diego next Saturday, according to C. F. Kyle, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Reservations for the affair have already been made by many members of the Los Angeles Exps, including Mrs. Monica Glendale, Long Beach, Pomona and Anaheim lodges. The following are members of the Exps Committee: C. J. Meheria, R. F. Cullen, Charles Morgan, Charles P. Kitta, Harry Brown, Robert Grayson, Frank Marshall and Ed Grayson.

#### For Patriotic Service.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Sapp will deliver an address entitled "Patriotism is Not Necessarily Militarism," at the patriotic services to be held at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in Patriotic Hall, No. 1316 South Figueroa street. E. A. Podmore of Troy, N. Y., will play special pipe organ numbers and sing patriotic songs. All sons and daughters of veterans are invited to attend. "Comrade" Warner will recite a patriotic selection.

#### Back from San Diego.

Mrs. Stephen Y. Childs of No. 2125 West Adams street has returned with her two children from a two weeks' visit in San Diego county.

#### CANDIDATE SORRE.

Declares Connection with All Parties Not Published. Lucius C. Dale, a candidate for the Assembly in the Sixth-Sixth District, is sore. He said on last night. And his press is all because of a serious error in the Times yesterday morning. Lucius filed nominating petition.

—and the Worst is Yet to Come



## Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 S. Broadway

Store closes at 1 P.M. Saturdays.

### Girls' 12 to 20 years

### Middies

at 85¢

A very special price for fine Galatin middie blouses. Plain and belted models in all white trimmed with red and navy.

(Third Floor)

### AUCTION!

1023-25 SOUTH MAIN STREET AT 11TH

Held Auction Sales of Live Stock, Furniture, Restaurants or Merchandise, etc., every day in the week. Call up 2545, Broadway 2345, for dates.

### Rhoades & Rhoades

REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK, AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS

Guaranteed estimates on household furniture or bought outright for cash. Salesroom 1501-1545 South Main. Both phones—Main 1559; Home 25579.

### AUCTION

CLEAN FURNITURE SIX ROOMS WEDNESDAY, JULY 26-9:30 A.M.

1144 S. Flower St.

THURSDAY, JULY 27-3 P.M.

1871 S. Harvard Blvd.

STROUSE & HILL, Auctioneers. M. 2714; B. 2705.

### AUCTION

J. J. SEGARMAN, Auction and Commission House

Furniture, Merchandise, Real Estate, etc., 111-113-115 Court St. (Between Spring and Main) Phone 2412.

### THOS. B. CLARK

General Auctioneer and Importer of Antique Furniture

840 South Hill Street.

F1907 Broadway 1921

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### CHRONICLE

San Francisco's Leading Daily and Sunday Paper.

You cannot afford to overlook its special Sunday features, which team with interest.

Subscription and advertising rates given upon application to the Los Angeles representative of the Chronicle.

F. A. TAYLOR, 340 So. Hill St.

### Bankrupt Stock

of Holmes Music Co.

422 S. Broadway

ON SALE

Pianos and Player

Pianos at Less than

Original Cost

### CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE FAMOUS PINK PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

DISORDERS OF THE

BOWEL

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SYSTEMS

AND ALL

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THE TIMES LOS ANGELES SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—210,181 By the City Directory (1916)—225,000

THE CITY'S VALUATIONS.

1915-16.	1916-17.
Non-operative tax roll, including unsecured personal property (on which the tax rate for general city purposes is based).....	\$420,875,135
Operative roll (on which State taxes are based, with refund for old bond interest).....	\$22,295,450
Public utility corporations.....	\$2,546,715
Total operative roll.....	\$2,546,715
Non-operative roll segregation:	
Land.....	\$240,674,540
Improvements.....	\$121,829,244
Personal property.....	\$2,089,205
Cash.....	\$3,013,325
Unsecured personal property.....	\$2,495,205
Exemptions:	
Under the householders' \$100 provision.....	\$4,039,630
Under the \$1000 for veterans and dependents.....	1,720,380
Miscellaneous, including city, county and Federal property, churches, etc.....	17,457,970
Assessed valuations in recently annexed territory:	
San Fernando, non-operative.....	\$12,395,225
Baldwin, non-operative.....	1,025,390
The Palms.....	4,697,305

These total assessed valuations show that the result of the work of the Joint City and County Appraisal Bureau has been to increase land valuations 34.6 per cent. and to decrease assessed valuations on improvements 14.5 per cent.

PROTEST MUNITIONS TAX AND BRITISH BOYCOTT.

Chamber of Commerce Wires California Senators Against Revenue Bill in Congress—Retroactive Measure Endangers Source of Supply of Explosives in Time of Need—Valuable New Industry is Imperiled.

URGING vigorous protest against the British boycott of American goods, the Chamber of Commerce yesterday passed a resolution protesting against the retroactive munitions tax. The resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 100 to 0, states that the tax is "a gross violation of the principle of non-retroactivity of taxation" and that it "will result in the loss of valuable new industry."

ABSOLUTE DENIAL IS ANSWER OF ROBERTS.

Supposed Ringleader of Texas Land Fraud Gang is Brought Here on Bench Warrant when Extradition to Lone Star State is Refused—Laughs at Charges of Swindling Running into Millions of Dollars.

THE County Jail last night, Clinton W. Roberts, charged with being the brains of a syndicate that made millions in the Texas land frauds, made public for the first time his version of the case. This land is valued at between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000. In order to successfully dispose of the land to credulous investors, it was alleged that the land swindler had invented a spurious abstract company and forged title to the land. When Texas became too warm for the land swindler, he fled to the United States. Roberts is said to have contributed \$200,000 to the syndicate of swindlers.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH; THREE OTHERS INURED.

Baby Dies in Flames Despite the Heroic Efforts of Both Father and Mother to Save It—Parents are Painfully Hurt in Fire Started by Match Struck Under Little One's Bed in Search of a Shoe.

TRAPPED in bed in a little rear room of his home at No. 1171 East Forty-sixth street, early last night, Claude Raymond, the 4-year-old son of Frank Raymond, a painter, was burned to death, his brother, Jack, aged 5 months, slightly burned, and Mrs. Hazel Raymond, his mother, was seriously injured. The fire, which had its start in the children's bedroom, from a match struck by Mrs. Raymond, spread rapidly, and the family was forced to flee. The fire destroyed the four-room cottage.

SHE CHARGES EVERYTHING AND HE DENIES IT ALL.

Remarkable Divorce Case.

FEW more bitter or comprehensive divorce actions have been filed here than that in which Mrs. Ruby L. Jones yesterday became plaintiff against Walter Jones, vice-president of the James Jones Bros. Co., of No. 1306 West Twenty-ninth street, vice-president of the James Jones Bros. Co., of No. 1306 West Twenty-ninth street, vice-president of the James Jones Bros. Co., of No. 1306 West Twenty-ninth street.

YOU HAVE A PIANO—THIS ATTACHMENT WILL PERMIT YOU TO PLAY IT

Every one in your family can now enjoy the pleasure of playing your piano if you equip it with this wonderful invention—the

FLEXOTONE Electrelle PIANO PLAYER

We can do this for you in a day! In addition to hand-playing—with which it in no way interferes—you have a player that makes it possible for you to enjoy your favorite music whenever you wish.

Here Are Some of the Features:

The marvelous Flexible Expression Control insures perfect expression to all music—no levers, stops or foot pumping—invisible playing mechanism, etc., etc.

Let us show you a Flexotone Electrelle today—let us demonstrate its wonderful tone and ease of manipulation.

=Price \$275=

Send for Interesting Booklet

FRANK J. HART SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY

332-334 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were married here May 25, 1907. They are three children, Elizabeth, James, aged 8 years, and Ralph, 4 years of age.

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# PEN POINTS

BY THE STAFF.

Now it is the Democrats' turn. The better looking man the louder the young men laugh at his jokes.

Why should women live longer than men? Perhaps they only seem longer to them.

Quite a torchlight procession when the automobile carries a man and the man at the wheel is all up.

It is proposed to rob the banks of their kilts in the near future. Some ways the war seems to be right.

Watermelons are all right in this way, but they are not a food. It is for the people to keep it in the air.

The Northern States have conscripted 55,000 men to the border. The South less than 5000. It is the answer?

Postmaster-General Burman vociferates penny postage. The question about which much can be said on both sides.

It is all very well to send the boys along the line at night, but the sensible mother will not include pie in the menu.

Some of the boys along the line can hardly wait to be sent home. The "watchdog" pantomime had been booked for cooler weather.

Mr. Hughes says the "American spirit is not to be fed by such a balancing act" as to give a man a dollar for his services. Wonder what he had in mind.

Fashion dictates the suit check as the real thing for the man. The man who wears a suit can't get a cent on it.

With the increase of time, the promise of lower taxes and a solution in the cost of living?

With the landing of the German land, and the Bremen due at the port, it will be in the hands of John Bull to get out his coat of arms, "Britannia Rules the Waves."

The volunteer gardeners, who are families have been compelled to work on the public for support. They are about to lead a lot of men to Carranza.

"The blawsted Hamerick" is not understood at all, said the old man. The Hamerick is a man who says "Where am I?" and the dear fellow no doubt "Where is me?"

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# MAY DISBAR AN ALLEGED POET.

E. M. Barnes Gets Himself Into Peck of Trouble in Divorce Case.

E. M. Barnes, attorney, also calls himself a poet. He claims he has a right to typewrite his complaints in doggerel. But yesterday he got in serious trouble with Judge Wood when he denied he had written an answer to the divorce complaint of Mrs. Jean Richards against Edward Richards. Mrs. Richards testified the attorney had dictated something to her to send to her husband for his signature and she thought it was the answer in question. Judge Wood believed Mrs. Richards and granted her a decree. He refused to allow Attorney Barnes to prepare the decree, declaring it would be prepared by an honest person. In this case Clerk Tom Hughes being designated.

The court instructed the court reporter to transcribe the evidence and it will be filed with the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association. This indicates a step in disbarment proceedings.

Some time ago Attorney Barnes disregarded the instructions of Judge Wood that no person other than the jury hearing a damage suit should go to the scene of the alleged accident. Attorney Barnes and his client were found there and he was committed for contempt.

# JOLT FOR COLLECTOR.

Agent Convicted of Subornation of Perjury in Attacking One Man's Grocery for Another's Bill Gets Suspended Sentence to the Rock File.

William E. Shaw, the collection agent who attacked the property of Frank D. Cornes, a grocer, to collect a bill owed by W. D. Hollis, who once worked for the latter, was sentenced yesterday to spend six months with the Topanga chain-gang and then had this sentence suspended by Judge Willis on the guarantee that he would pay back to Mr. Cornes the \$250 that he received. This money is to be returned at the rate of \$50 per month.

Shaw was accused of improperly filing the papers in the collection suit and then inserting the name of Mr. Cornes in place of the "John Doe" appearing in these. The grocer, rather than to have his place of business closed for several days while adjusting an attachment, paid the sum demanded and then instituted criminal proceedings against Shaw, for using his name when he was not at all connected with the transaction. Shaw was convicted last week.

# WITNESSES SAY PIECES.

Hindus Testify with Odd Uniformity. Friend is Held.

"Too much like a frame-up," suggested Justice Hinshaw when several Hindu friends of Guardachan Singh stood up and in sing-song narrative recited almost word for word their reasons for believing in the innocence of the defendant, who is charged with stealing \$7 from Gugar Singh. The court held Guardachan to answer to the Superior Court on bond of \$500, which was immediately forthcoming in cash.

It is also alleged that the defendant has been connected with the smuggling of numerous undesirable aliens into the United States, and if acquitted of the present charges he will be taken into custody by Federal authorities.

Be an Early Bird. Telephone your Sunday ads to The Times Friday or early Saturday.

# CEMETERY AT CHINO.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.] CHINO, July 21.—After going without a burial ground for twenty-seven years, this community, which has never had a resting place for its dead, is to be given a cemetery right away. W. I. Bates of Long Beach and P. H. Fletcher of Pasadena have purchased ten acres of land from J. C. Fisher. It will be seeded and planted for cemetery purposes at once and will be managed on the perpetual maintenance plan. The cemetery will be located at the eastern city limits and just south of China avenue. Mr. Bates owned an interest in the Ontario cemetery for fifteen years.

# MEN'S

# STRAWS

—just once each year—do we offer our entire stock of men's straws, panamas, leghorns and bangkoks at prices but a fraction of their REAL WORTH.

- Straws**  
\$5 straws now \$350  
\$4 straws now \$250  
\$3.50 straws now \$200  
\$3 and \$2 straws now \$135
- Splits, Sennets, fancy and Milan braids in beautiful styles—a full stock of sizes in approved shapes.**

# Panamas, Leghorns and Bangkoks

- \$5 Hats now \$6 and \$7  
at \$385 Hats now at \$10 Hats \$685  
now at . . .

Sale of Men's shirts at \$1.95, \$2.85, \$3.85

Store Closes 6 P.M. Saturdays During July and August

# Alaric & Frank

437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.  
Known for Better Values

Store Closes 6 P.M. Saturdays During July and August

# Quench your thirst with pleasure and a clear conscience

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale does more than satisfy a thirst. It answers every call of a dry throat. It has the wetness, the coolness, the flavor, the life and sparkle of high carbonation, the purity and the cleanliness that a beverage must have.

# Clicquot Club

It is a national, not a local ginger ale—sold all over America, by the case. The best grocers and druggists have it or will get it.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Millis, Mass.  
Winner of Medal of Honor, Panama-Pacific Exposition

# Coulter Dry Goods Co.

Shop in the Morning, Then Enjoy the Half Holiday

THE CAFE will remain open until 2 o'clock for the convenience of business men and others in the habit of taking luncheon here. Entrance and exit after 1 o'clock will be through the B. F. Coulter Building, at 213 S. Broadway—immediately adjoining the store on the north—direct elevator service to Cafe.

# No Matter Where You Go

No matter whether for a long period or just a short stay, be certain that you have with you the hundred and one necessities and conveniences that this store is so ready to supply you with; many of them at attractively reduced prices. Hereafter follow a few suggestions:

- Genuine Cowhide Suit Cases and Traveling Bags . . . \$6.50  
The suit cases are 24-inch size, with or without outside straps; regular price \$8.00; the traveling bags come in sizes 15, 16, 17 and 18-inch; and are made with double handles, reinforced and protected corners; values to \$8.50; special, \$6.50.
- \$12.50 to \$15 Pure Silk Sweaters . . . \$10.00  
A chance to save almost or quite a third on the purchase of these beautiful all-silk jersey sweaters; in wild rose, purple, white, Copenhagen, old rose and green. We have also included a few fiber silk sweaters in the sale at the same low price. No approvals; no exchanges on these goods; every sale must be final.

# Monday's Best Garment News

will appear in Coulter's announcement; do not buy suits, coats or dresses before reading what we have to offer—remembering always, that Coulter garments are quality garments, no matter how low the sale prices!

- Quart Size Simplex Vacuum Bottles, Special . . . \$1.95  
A very low price, as a little "shopping" will convince you; the pint-size, specially priced Saturday at \$1.00; every Simplex is guaranteed to keep liquids hot 36 hours; or cold 72.
- Girls' Novelty Sweaters, Regularly \$4.50, for . . . \$3.50  
All-wool, with Byron collars and belts, in green, trimmed with tan; corn, trimmed with Copenhagen or rose; and in Copenhagen, trimmed with white; sizes 24 to 36.
- \$3.50 and \$6 Italian Silk Union Suits . . . \$3.00 and \$5.00  
In white; sizes 36 and 38; Zimmerli Silk Vests, size 4 only; were \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$3.50, now \$1.25, \$1.95 and \$2.50.
- Imported cotton union suits—low neck, no sleeves, knee; sizes 36 and 38, for 25c. Kaiser Florentine Union Suits—size 5; were \$2.50, now \$1.75. Children's Merode Union Suits—sizes 2 and 8 years; were 75c, 35c. Children's Merode Vests and Pants—10 to 14 years; were 50c, 25c. Balbriggan Vests and Pants—in white; 8 year size; were 35c; to be closed out at three for 60c.

# For This Morning Only

- No Mail or Telephone Orders Accepted on These
- \$3 Bed Spreads, \$1.95  
Scalloped, cut corner, full size heavy crochet spreads.
- 20c Bath Towels, 12½c  
Snow white, double thread heavy bath towels; hemmed ends; measure 18x36 inches.
- 75c Table Covers, 25c  
A small lot of lace-trimmed and embroidered squares for shams or table covers.
- 10c Huck Towels, 7c  
A hundred dozen heavy, absorbent huck towels; red or all-white borders.
- \$1.35 Table Linen, \$1 Yard  
70-inch linen; pure linen, silver bleached; extra fine quality in nine beautiful designs.
- Other Good Values  
On sale Saturday morning in napkins, table cloths, spreads, crash, etc.

- Coulter's Special Sheets, each . . . 60c  
But for this morning only!—double bed size; seam in center; size 72x90.
- Coulter's Special Pillow Cases, each . . . 17½c  
For today only; torn size cases, 45x36.
- Coulter's Special Extra Large Sheets, each . . . 69c  
For today only; extra large size—81x90.
- 35c Yard-wide Sports Suitings, yard . . . 19c  
For today only; all colors, fine quality. And the 36-inch sports suiting, regularly 50c, special 29c.
- \$1.50 and \$2.50 Cotton Suitings, Special, yard . . . 75c  
34-inch width; splendid qualities in various designs; for this morning only.
- \$1.50 Silkoline Covered Comforts . . . \$1.10  
Full size cotton filled; splendid qualities.
- \$1.50 Full Size Gray Blankets . . . \$1.10  
Full size; dark gray; woolnap finish.
- \$1.50 All-Feather Pillows . . . \$1.10  
Covered with best ticking; sanitary and dust-proof.
- Sample Lines of Corset Covers and Camisoles . . . \$2 and \$2.50  
Twenty styles of corset covers and camisoles, with or without sleeves; regularly \$3, now \$2.00; and twelve styles that were \$3.75, now \$2.50.
- \$2.25 Camisoles . . . \$1.50  
In crepe de chine, Georgette crepe and washable satin; others that are regularly \$3.50, \$4, \$5 and \$5.50 are now \$2.25, \$2.70, \$3.60 and \$3.70.
- Boudoir Caps on Special Sale at . . . 35c to \$1.75  
Their regular prices—and they are here in great variety—are 50c to \$2.50.
- 10c Cakes Palmolive Soap . . . Four for 25c  
Not over eight cakes to any one customer.
- COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway 224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S







ce Market

STOCK PRICES ON CHICAGO EXCHANGE

Table with 2 columns: Stock Name, Price. Includes various commodities and stock prices.

RAW AND REFINED SUGAR QUOTATIONS

Table with 2 columns: Sugar Type, Price. Includes raw and refined sugar prices.

WHEAT MARKET

Table with 2 columns: Wheat Type, Price. Includes various wheat grades and prices.

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Table with 2 columns: Wheat Type, Price. Includes various wheat grades and prices.

DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Citrus Type, Price. Includes various citrus fruits and prices.

STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table with 2 columns: Stock/Bond Name, Price. Includes various financial instruments.

Continued Activity in Summer Business Shown.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Dun's Review tomorrow will say: "Contrary to the usual experience at this season, there are many more points of activity than of dullness in the general situation. Business continues remarkably full during the period when it ordinarily shows the greatest shrinkage, current reports adding to the accumulation of superlatives with regard to trade, industry and transportation. While some important lines, notably the steel and leather foreign demands,

STEADINESS MARKS BUTTER AND EGGS.

Table with 2 columns: Butter/Egg Type, Price. Includes various dairy products.

PRODUCE MARKET IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table with 2 columns: Produce Type, Price. Includes various agricultural products.

NEW YORK OIL STOCK QUOTATIONS.

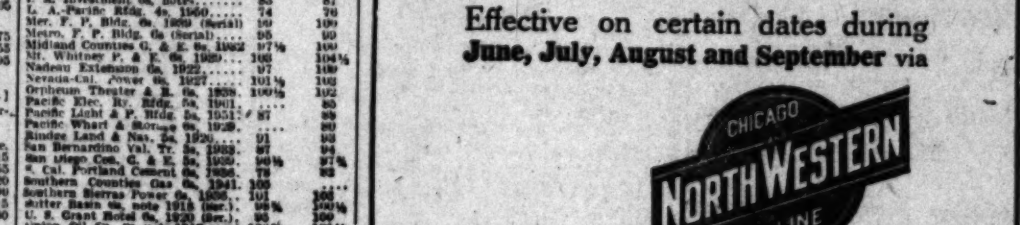
Table with 2 columns: Oil Type, Price. Includes various oil products.

CLOSING PRICES ON SALT LAKE EXCHANGE.

Table with 2 columns: Salt Type, Price. Includes various salt products.

Low Fares East

Effective on certain dates during June, July, August and September via



ROUND-TRIP FARES

Table with 2 columns: Destination, Fare. Includes various cities and their corresponding fares.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

C. A. THURSTON, C. A. 447 South Spring Street (Phone 75104 and 75105) Los Angeles, Cal.

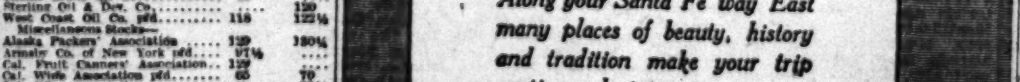
- back East Excursions

Reduced Round Trip Fares

Table with 2 columns: City, Fare. Includes various cities and their corresponding fares.

Tickets are first-class and are on sale certain days during July—August—September

Along your Santa Fe way East many places of beauty, history and tradition make your trip continuously interesting.



PORTLAND the New Way

The Twin Palaces of the Pacific. S.S. Great Northern. S.S. Northern Pacific.

10:30 A.M.—Sailings—Pier 9

Between San Francisco and Portland. Same time as by rail. Berth and Meals included.

Fare—One Way—First Class, \$20.00; Tourist, \$15.00; Steerage, \$8.00.

Round Trip—Portland, \$32, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50.

Spokane, \$54.40, \$57.40.

G. N. KOEPEL, AGENT, 440 Merchants Nat. Bank Bldg., Sixth and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. Main 7185. Home 71074. Or 604-538 South Spring St.

Last-minute Service. Not available after 10:00 P.M. on Saturday night.

Telephone "Want Ads" for insertion in the Sunday Times should be received before the close of business Saturday night.

IT BEATS ALL!

The Los Angeles Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

THIS WEEK'S NUMBER READY FOR READERS SATURDAY MORNING

Its Contents Comprise the Following and Other Features

The Klondike as It Is Seen Today. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Hygiene for Our Troops on the Border. By a Special Contributor.

The Six-Wife Habit. By Eugene Brown.

When Fog Was Dense and Doors Shook. By Lucy Mescham Thurston.

A Mountain That Is Worth Knowing. By William M. Bristol.

How the Story of a Wildcat Scheme Was Spoiled. By Paul de Laney.

The Answer Which the Fifth Man Gave. By Harold H. Scott.

Lysander Has a Taste of Reel Life. By Hubert W. La Due.

The Count and His Baby Bald-Igges. By L. M. C. Kison.

The Sad Case of the Wandering Pauper. By Jean St. Mary.

The Lie That Won a Recruit for the Cause. By Edgar White.

How the Doctor Prevented Insanity. By Edith Jamison Lowe.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren. By Mabel Herbert Uner.

The Mendelian Law and Poultry Breeding. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Tree Planting in Defense Programme. By M. V. Hartranft.

Sentinel Duty. By Edwin Tarrise.

Good Short Stories—The Eagle—The Lancer—California, Land of the Sun—City and Home Beautiful—Care of the Body—"Home Sweet Home"—Poetry, Humor, Notable Cartoons, Etc.

Liberal Illustrations With Halftones







Established 1881

**Weyer's**  
ROADWAY  
D-HILL  
EIGHTH  
STREETS

**Y—TODAY**

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ome 10063, or Sunbed,  
shoppers will fill your

will be delivered within our  
y—to suburban points on

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if-day price, 25c

60-inch width, 50c yd.

owels, at 10c

es at \$2.39

any styles, 5c

Seats, 29c

med } \$4.95

20 to } values!

Dress Goods, 50c

Table Special, 59c

ilk Hose, 95c

to 38 sizes, 19c

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ted quantity, 8c

ancy stripes, 19c

\$2.50

16c lb.

ifted, 35c each

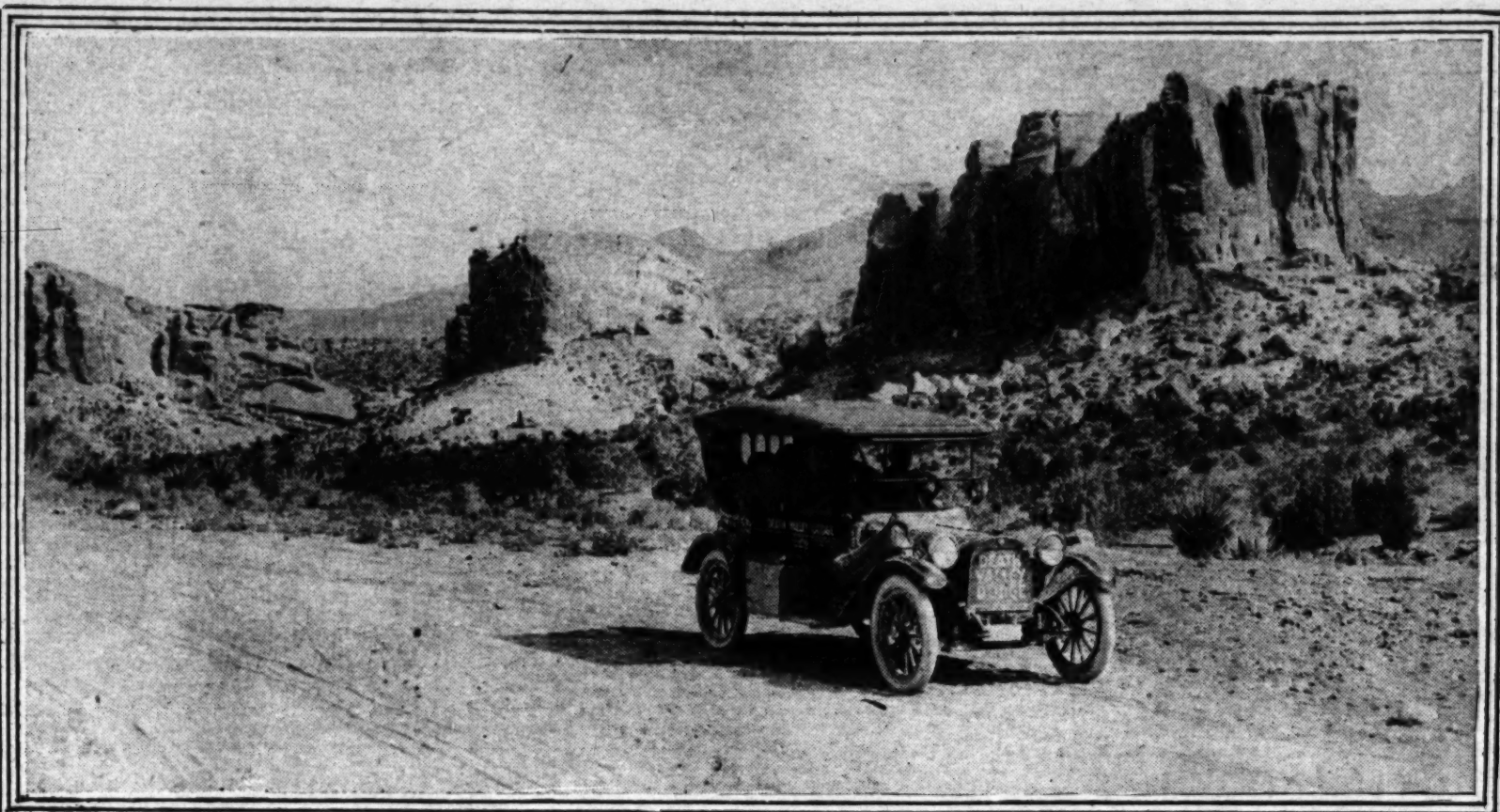
9c dozen

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

THE  
MAGAZINE

OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST

Typical Cliff Formations of Northern Arizona.



# California, land of the setting sun

In the Arroyo Seco—Where Summer Camps Abound.



[Photo by Bill Wheeler.]

With The Los Angeles Sunday Times for July 23, 1916, The Magazine is also Mailed Separately to any address ordered. (See Page 3.)

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10 Pages  
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made, 2 Cents

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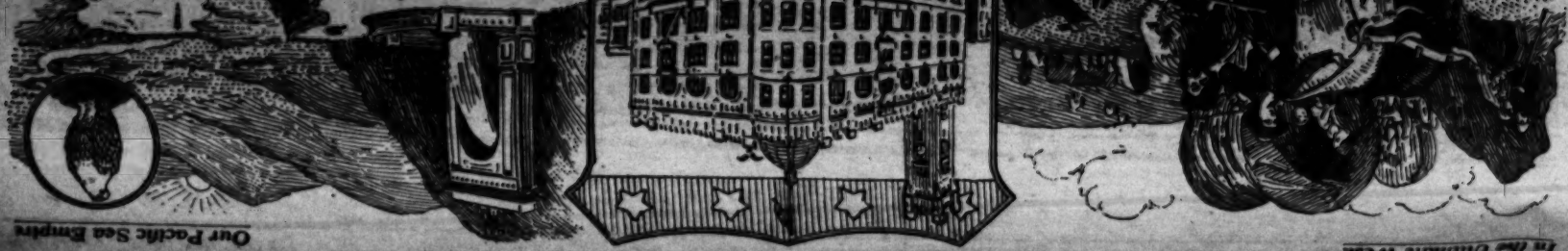
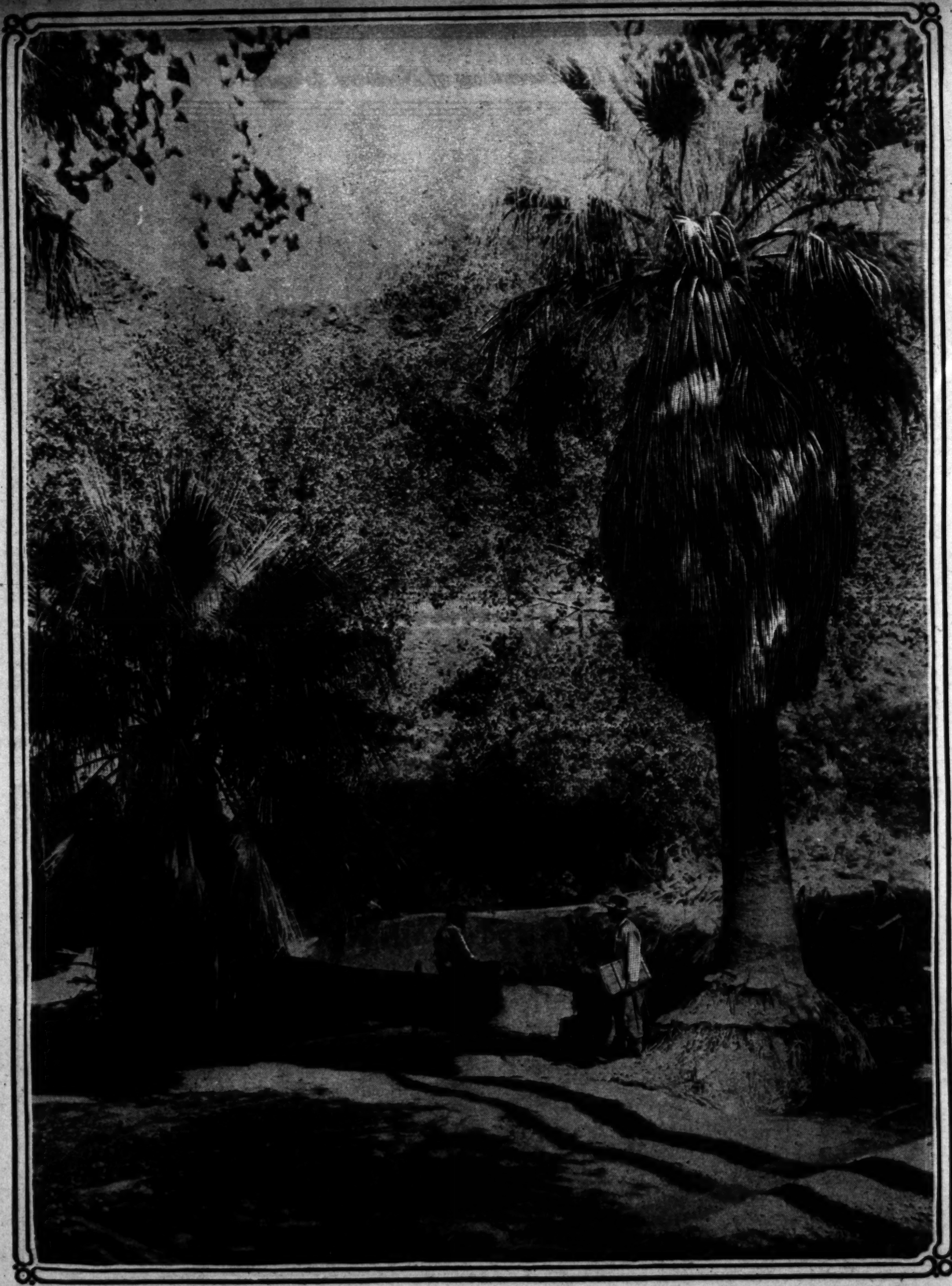
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Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

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### GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

#### At the Grave of Joseph Rodman Drake

Now is the flood of summer at its height,  
And though the fragrant rose  
Crimsons within the garth, and on the  
sward  
Daisies are pied, and still the king cup  
glows,  
And the thrush note is a divine delight,  
Muse, strike no golden cord!

Rather be thy strain pensive! I, today,  
Have lingered where he lies  
Who hymned our banner's stars a cen-  
tury gone;  
Who viewed wood secrets with anointed  
eyes,  
And sang the story of the Culprit Fay  
In measures clear as dawn.

The plaintive voices of the ebbing tide,  
Snoke softly to the reeds  
Where, strapped in dream, the marshes  
spread around;  
And there were stretches of fair amber  
meads,  
And seen between tree arches, green and  
wide,  
The shimmer of the Sound.

And there were low leaf murmurs, but the  
sense  
That firmest held in thrall  
Was that of desolation, of lost years,  
Of time departed far beyond recall;  
The place was girdled with the imminence  
Of pathos and of tears!

Tears for the poet, dead so long ago,  
The poet dead so young!  
I saw the clutching tentacles of the  
town  
Oncreeping to the grave whereon was  
hung  
One drooping flag, dimmed by the rain and  
snow,  
As crown for his renown.

One drooping flag! Gladly we garland those  
Heroes who led and bled  
For our beloved land, to right her  
wrongs;  
What, in the future, shall of us be said  
If we forget, yes, scorn the long repose  
Of those who sing her songs!

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

#### Boon Companions.

Upon the scroll of fame you will not find  
his name engraved.  
He is unknown to history, no wars he ever  
braved.  
He is a common citizen of not much senti-  
ment,  
Who always helps me out when I am due  
to pay the rent.

When he invites me out to dine I never can  
refuse.  
The bill of fare that pleases him I always  
also choose.  
When he goes on a fishing trip I always go  
along;  
And when he lies about his catch I back  
him good and strong.

He lingers there in Perkins's store until  
the lights burn low;  
He fabricates the same as I until it's time  
to go.  
I always pay his debts—and, say, he settles  
debts of mine.  
I take all money paid to him—a system  
that is fine.

—[Horace Seymour Keller, in New York Sun.

#### Play On!

Ye dreamer, play, whose soul doth pour,  
In melting strains across the keys,  
The depths of earth's unguessed despairs  
And heav'n's sublimest melodies!  
Your music this faint heart of mine  
Makes strangely bold and young, tonight,  
And stirs my Pegasus to wing  
Once more the mighty Zeus's height.

If maimed I be by sudden fall—  
O'er daring, as Bellerophon—  
'Twere better to have breathed the air  
Of gods and died. Play on, play on!

JO HARTMAN.

### A Taste of Real Life.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

beetles have apparently been unable to  
cross the wide, icy waters.  
If a baby had the appetite of a young  
man, it would eat from fifty to 100  
pounds of food every twenty-four hours.  
It is a horse as much as a cat, in its  
proportion to its size. It would consume a  
ton of hay every twenty-four hours. A cat  
eats twice its weight of food every  
day, but a potato beetle devours every day  
at least five times its weight of foliage.

**Just What She Wanted.**  
[Kansas City Times:] The much-travel-  
led young man had just returned from  
Paris.

### Hygiene for Our Troops.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

and today over 2000 nurses are ready to  
answer the call. They have taken the re-  
quired examinations; shown their fitness  
and received their appointments. They num-  
ber some of the brightest of the younger  
men and some of the best known in their  
profession. Any organization which carries  
on the names of Abbe, Mayo, Murphy,  
Brewer, Coo and a number of others  
in all branches of the profession presents a  
guarantee of its soundness.  
In event of a call these are the men whose  
experience and skill are assured to supple-  
ment the military surgeons in caring for sick  
and wounded. It is in view of a revolution  
in the military upon cleanliness in  
sanitary officer must exert the greatest  
and the result is sickness. To offset this the  
able, to neglect proper health precautions;  
and the result is sickness. To offset this the  
A tendency arises to relax whenever pos-  
sible, to neglect proper health precautions;  
and the result is sickness. To offset this the  
No Relaxation of Care.

ages become fatigued from camp work and  
steady drilling and more or less discour-  
aged.  
Hygiene for Our Troops.

### AMBITION.

I envy not the millionaire, with all his hoard  
of wealth;  
I envy but the honest chap who has pre-  
served his health.  
I do not crave the fame of him who got it  
by his luck;  
Give me the satisfaction of a smaller fame  
through pluck.  
And for the lot of him who rolls in soft so-  
ciety's lap,  
I have no hankering at all—I do not care a  
rap.

We humans are so prone to feel the pride  
of baser things—  
To worms that actually crawl we love to  
fasten wings!  
The emptiness of wasted time, the dross of  
idle thought,  
Seen by some too contrary view with real  
importance fraught.  
Yet, if we put the facts into the crucible of  
Fate,  
We find that glittering things are small and  
little things are great.

That man who thought his useful life has  
kept a goal in view—  
Who to the things that he believed has  
steadfast been and true—  
When at the last the portals swing and he  
is beckoned hence,  
May fall to sleep in consciousness of a sure  
recompense.  
For 'tis not what the glitter shows; it's  
what may lie beneath—  
The brightest flowers are rarely known to  
grace the victor's wreath.

Give me, O God, if I may pray, the strength  
to make my fight,  
Not for the gilt and gaud of life, but for the  
true and right!  
And if, perchance, there may not be the  
praise of men, O Thou  
Who leadeth me, just let me toil toward  
heaven anyhow!

—[Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### AFTER CHURCH.

They had all been to church that day  
But at the dinner table  
No one of them could give the text  
Except dear Uncle Abel.

Beulah remarked that Mrs. Brown  
Had worn a brand new bonnet,  
And Sally said there surely was  
Some last year's trimming on it.

Father had met a college chum;  
"Fine fellow! Name is Arno."  
Then mother said she thought the choir  
Had got a nice soprano.

And Jim scoffed, "Huh! That girl can't  
sing!  
Such noise is only screeching."  
Then Uncle Abel sighed and guessed  
They hadn't heard the preaching.

"Oh, I did, uncle!" now piped up  
Their eager wide-eyed Benny;  
"And when the man passed round the  
change  
I only took a penny."

—[Christian Herald.

### "CIVIS AMERICANUS SUM."

"Civis Americanus sum!" The boast  
Once rang unchallenged over land and  
sea,  
And whoso'er Old Glory, blowing free,  
Lifted its stars to heaven's supernal host,  
On what far sea, on what uncharted coast  
The sons of the republic aye might be,  
The aegis of its august verity  
Protected—and in loneliest peril—most!

But now—unanswered—lifts from land and  
deep—  
Where little children in their mothers'  
arms,  
Wave buffeted, lie in their shell-strewn  
tomb;  
Where, at shrines shot pierced, tortured  
women weep  
By their dead champions 'neath the Mexic  
Palms—  
The prayer—"Civis Americanus sum!"  
—[Frances Bartless, in Boston Transcript.

### HUMOR.

[Sun-Dial:] "I'd love to kiss that girl; do  
you think she'd come across with it?"  
"Oh, no, you'd have to go after it."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Polliteness pays."  
"So they say. I think the profits run  
mostly to deferred dividends."

[Tiger:] She: Is Princeton in New  
York?  
He (truthfully reflective): Yes—a great  
part of the time.

[Widow:] He: You remind me of an  
angel, dear; you are always harping on some-  
thing and you never seem to have anything  
to wear.

[Judge:] "Jones's plans are decidedly  
characteristic of the man."  
"How so?"  
"Why, they won't work."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Will you  
marry me, my pretty maid?"  
"How many cylinders has your automobile,  
sir?" she said.

[Nebraska Awgwan:] Job Seeker (enter-  
ing office unannounced): Is there an open  
ing here for me?  
Chief Clerk: Yes, sir, right behind you.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] European Mon-  
arch (testily): Well, what is it now?  
Palace Treasurer: Your Majesty, our  
American landlord is here for the rent.

[New York Times:] "Am I good enough  
for you?" sighed the fond lover.  
"No," said the girl candidly, "you're not,  
but you are too good for any other girl."

[Judge:] "Ah! The chiming of the wed-  
ding bells—"  
"No. That is the bride's father, who has  
to pay the bills, wringing his hands."

[Life:] Passenger: Steward, are we  
nearing port?  
Boat Steward: Yes, suh! Certainly, suh!  
It am only about three tips away now.

[London Answers:] Burglar (just ac-  
quitted, to his lawyer): I will drop in soon  
and see you.  
Lawyer: Very good; but in the day time,  
please.

[Puck:] "I am positive Clarence loves  
me and intends to make me his wife."  
"Why? Has he proposed yet?"  
"No. But he dislikes mother more every  
time he sees her."

[Washington Star:] "Interesting conver-  
sation?"  
"Not very. One of those conversations in  
which each takes credit for phenomenal  
patience in an effort to instruct the other."

[Puck:] "Judging from the looks of the  
bride I take it that Sixcylinder married for  
money?"  
"Not money. Sixcylinder married for  
gasoline. Her father owns an oil well."

[Youngstown Telegram:] "What's that  
thing, doc?"  
"That's the medicine-ball I bought you."  
"Then I'm afraid there is no hope for me."  
"Why not?"  
"I never can swallow that."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "My wife  
managed to drive a nail today without hit-  
ting her thumb."  
"How was that?"  
"She inveigled the hired girl into holding  
the nail."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "I'm going to be mar-  
ried soon."  
"How old are you?"  
"Eighteen."  
"You will surprise people."  
"Yes, I guess so. I don't know what my  
bachelor chums will say."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Ba-on: Almanacs  
are in existence that were compiled in the  
eleventh century, but they are in manu-  
script.  
Egbert: That lets the joke-writer out who  
says his jokes never were printed before.

[Boston Transcript:] "Pa, what's the  
difference between a patriot and a jingo?"  
"A patriot, my son, is one whose bottom  
swells with pride of his country, while in a  
jingo the swelling appears in his head."

[Boston Transcript:] Mrs. Youngbride:  
I'm getting our ice from a new man now,  
dear.  
Youngbride: What's wrong with the other  
man?  
Mrs. Youngbride: The new dealer says  
he'll give us colder ice for the same money.

[Everybody's:] A woman who had some  
knowledge of baseball took a friend to a  
championship contest.  
"Isn't that fine?" said the first. "We have  
a man on every base."  
"Why, that's nothing," said the friend; "so  
have they."

[The Lamb:] Flumley: Well, you've  
nerve, I should say! Asking me for a fiver  
and saying nothing about the ten I loaned  
you.  
Flumley: Why, man, where's your busi-  
ness sense? The ten was a war loan for  
establishing credit.

[Washington Star:] "There is something  
wrong with the social system," remarked  
the thoughtful woman.  
"What makes you think so?"  
"That bandit who made all kinds of  
trouble is still roaming the world a free  
man, and my husband, who is as conscien-  
tious and law-abiding a citizen as you would  
want to meet, is locked up on jury duty."

[Boston Transcript:] Mother (angrily):  
Why didn't you come when I called you the  
first time?  
Willie: Cause I didn't hear you till you  
called the third time.  
Mother: Now how could you know it was  
the third time unless you heard the other  
two?  
Willie: Easy enough, ma. I knew it was  
the third time 'cause you sounded so mad."

### Charting Great Lakes.

[New York Sun:] Summer after summer  
the fleet of the Lake survey sails the broad  
expanse of the five lakes and the score of  
bays and inlets searching for danger spots  
that may claim their heavy toll of human  
life and vessel tonnage.

Since 1841 the United States government  
has been silently carrying on this work, a  
Herculean fight against the jagged reef and  
the unseen shoal that menace navigation.  
Sounding lines have been plunged into black  
depths of 95,000 square miles of water; and  
still today there are areas that have not  
been charted in which passing barks may  
founder.

At present three of the five steamers that  
compose the flotilla are in active service.  
The two others are undergoing repairs. The  
three steamers, Search, Colonel J. L. and  
Surveyor, carry crews of twenty-two men.  
The two other boats are smaller, having but  
ten or twelve men for a crew.

Probably no frequented waterways in the  
world are so hazardous as the Great Lakes.  
At no time is a steamer on them more than  
a comparatively few hours from shore and  
periodically fierce storms arise, fully as vio-  
lent as those experienced on the ocean,  
which play with the steel ships, battering  
them helplessly about, threatening to engulf  
or sweep them ashore.

Over \$5,000,000 has been spent by the  
government since 1841 for the prosecution  
of the work of charting the lakes. Locked  
in heavy timbered boxes, protected from  
fire in immense vaults in the old postoffice  
building, Detroit, are over 1300 field charts,  
dating back to 1818, when a survey of Lake  
Erie was made by officers of the British  
navy. With few exceptions the maps are  
the result of the scientific researches of  
United States officers and surveyors.

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# Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916.

1781-1916.

*Entrance to Old Olive Orchard, San Diego Mission.*



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**Hygiene for Our Troops.**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

ates become fatigued from camp work and steady drilling and more or less discouraged.

**No Relaxation of Care.**

A tendency arises to relax whenever possible, to neglect proper health precautions; and the result is sickness. To offset this the sanitary officer must exert the greatest watchfulness. He insists upon cleanliness in person and camp to a degree that is a revelation to housekeepers; and often the men who do not understand his purpose think him a martinet, or at least a crank.

The latrines are provided with every safeguard and are frequently burned out. There is an abundance of good water for drinking and washing, and showers, which must be used regularly, are provided in numbers. Fatigue parties keep the company streets free from scraps and litter of every kind.

Fires continuously burning in stone-lined pits furnish hot water for washing purposes, and form a convenient means of disposing of much of the trash about the camps. Open incinerators built in the same way are placed at some distance from the camp, and there the garbage which cannot be burned in the smaller fires is consumed.

Drains, open to the sunlight, run through the camp to carry off all surplus water, keeping tent floors free from moisture and preventing stagnant pools. Every day that the sun shines the tent walls are furred about the top of the pole to admit a flow of germ-killing sunlight upon the contents and the floor. Clothes for the person and the bedding must be aired, and it is the duty of the sanitary officer to enforce this practice.

Disciplined troops take it as part of the day's work, the inexperienced grumble at it because they do not appreciate the reason for such thoroughness, and they have not learned that it is a soldier's business to do those things when ordered, without opposition expressed or repressed.

If the guard finds itself embarked in a campaign of invasion it will be the function of the sanitary officers to look after the health of the men, as in the concentration camps, but their duties will be greatly expanded, and fall upon the two branches, the ambulance companies and the field hospital companies and the regimental sanitary troops.

The ambulance companies will have the duty of picking up the wounded in action after they are brought in, giving "first aid" when it has not been done, and carrying them to the field hospital in the rear of the fighting line, and the further duty of evacuating that hospital by removing the wounded or the sick, as they may be, to the base hospital, located at a safe distance behind the line.

**Work in the Field.**

The Field Hospital Corps, composed of surgeons and enlisted personnel, will treat the wounded as they think best, and send them by the ambulance corps back to the base hospital as soon as this can be favorably done. In every case this will be done as promptly as possible that the field hospital may follow close to the mobile troops.

If the army should be engaged in a hard country, such, for instance, as the tablelands of northern Mexico, rough and arid, because there is so great heat and so little water, motors will supplant the horse-drawn ambulances now used by the army. In many instances the streams are a long day's march—eighteen miles apart—and the process of slowly taking the wounded by horse such a journey is unmerciful as compared with rushing them, even if the road be rough, in motors to the base hospital.

Aside from the saving in time and pain, the motor ambulance will take the place of four or six horses or mules at the vehicle and double that number required for the ambulance officers and attendants.

In an extremely sanguinary conflict many surgeons more than those now in the regular army and those already connected with the militia would be needed. The surgeon-general's bureau six years ago foresaw the need of preparedness in this respect, and then and there got busy. They knew that medical and surgical men are always ready to help those in need of their skill, and the military surgeons called upon their civilian brothers to form a medical reserve to cooperate with them in emergency.

Their confidence was not misplaced; responses came from all parts of the country,

and today over 2,000 surgeons are ready to answer the call. They have taken the required examinations; shown their fitness and received their appointments. They number some of the brightest of the younger men and some of the best known in their profession. Any organization which carries on the lists the names of Abbe, Mayo, Murphy, Brewer, Coe and a number of others in all branches of the profession presents a guarantee of its soundness.

In event of a call these are the men whose experience and skill are assured to supplement the military surgeons in caring for sick and wounded. It will, in view of the nature of any threatened conflict, probably be unnecessary to call upon this reserve; but it serves to show how thoroughly the army is in this respect prepared to care for the guardsmen who have gone into the Federal service.

**Expense Not Spared.**

For each divisional or base hospital, under the United States army system, there are four field hospitals and four ambulance companies. Each ambulance company will contain twelve motor ambulances, one motor repair wagon and two baggage motor cars.

The purchase of these cars at this time in this hasty way is not economical, but "Uncle Samuel," when he wakes up to the need of a thing, is very liberal with his money. However, the people who pay the bill need not fear extortions from the dealers. Careful investigation finds nothing but willingness to deal on a fair basis.

The European war has made high prices for all articles needed by an army, but beyond the artificial value created by the abnormal demand there is no tendency on the manufacturers' part to extort fancy prices. Motor ambulances will cost far more purchased now than they would have a couple of years ago, and more now, because they will be purchased under contract for rush delivery, but they may be needed for some of the young guardsmen, and therefore they will be bought with rush orders attached.

Medical and surgical supplies have been accumulated for a reserve sufficient to supply any army that will be needed for six months, and in that time if any additional amounts should be required they can easily be secured, but at a high cost, for some of the indispensable drugs costing, prior to 1914, a few cents a pound now can be bought only for as many dollars.

Not only has the sanitary corps of the regular army had experience in dealing with difficult health situations in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, but for the past five years it has been looking after the health of military bodies all along the Rio Grande. It knows those places, their food products, their insects and their diseases and how to prevent them or, at worst, to cure them. In event of trouble these same officers will direct the campaign for sound health.

The whole situation may be summed up in this way: The regular army sanitary organizations are prepared for any probable emergency. The sanitary companies from the militia troops will be well equipped, will contain excellent men; but lacking a large military experience, such as those of the regular army have.

**Wine-growing in Argentina.**

[Indianapolis News:] The Argentine Republic does not figure in most people's minds as a wine-growing country, yet some of its provinces boast of wine-growing as a leading industry and the output during recent years has increased rapidly. The Argentine vintage now averages about 130,000,000 gallons a year, of which the province of Mendoza produces about four-fifths. In 1905 the total output of the republic was some 40,000,000 gallons, less than one-third of what it is now.

**Queerly Marked Beetles.**

[Portland Oregonian:] Beetles bearing Masonic and other markings that have proved a puzzle to the Carnegie Institution, have been found by Fred Steen, of the Steen mine, in the Cornucopia district in Oregon. The insects are of the general type of the long-horned wood-borer, but, according to the Carnegie Institution, there is an apparent variation from any hitherto known species.

The backs are black, and the markings are traced as though in white ink. Some markings form a combination of letters and Arabic numerals. Many have the marking "V U 6." Others have the Masonic emblem of square and compass plainly discernible.

**A Taste of Reel Life.**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

frames; the small wall-safe behind one of the pictures was wide open—and empty. It had contained some \$4000 in currency and Mrs. Jones's recently purchased jewels. He glanced quickly about the room. Sure enough, in the corner were two sacks—filled with tin cans and wadded newspapers.

A few minutes later the telephone bell rang. Lysander answered the call.

"This is the constable at Tropico," said the man at the other end of the wire. "Has anything been stolen from your house lately?"

"Has anything been stolen?" gasped Lysander. "Everything but our Pianola, that's all. Have you caught the thieves?"

"Not exactly," replied the constable; they are dead. A small runabout they were riding in went over an embankment near here twenty minutes ago, killing both of them. We are certain that one is 'Gentleman Joe,' a crook the Frisco police recently wired us to look out for. We found a couple of sacks filled with loot, including some silver and a couple of pictures and a wallet containing a bunch of money and your address."

"Good! But did you see anything of a big, red touring car with three men and a woman in it?" inquired Lysander breathlessly. "No," drawled the constable. "That is not unless you might mean the party with Mr. Lyman, the picture-show man. He happened along just after the smash-up and introduced himself. Wants to come around in a few days and take some pictures in front of my office here. I can't say, though, that I'm strong for these here moving pictures. If they were only true to life—hello, hello—"

But there was no answer. Lysander had fainted.

**Use Ancient Fort.**

[Washington Star:] Fort San Lorenzo, for many years one of the important units in the defenses of the Isthmus of Panama during the days of the Spanish occupation of most of the western hemisphere, is again to serve in the capacity of defending one of the most important trade routes of the world, the Panama Canal.

This time the ancient fortress will be manned by soldiers of the United States, who will serve modern, large-caliber guns with ranges of more than twelve miles. The new fortifications which, in a measure, probably are to replace the ancient ones, will form one of the main defense links of the great Gatun locks, at the northern end of the canal.

Old Fort San Lorenzo, or rather the ruins thereof, stands on a high bluff at the mouth of the Rio Chagres and overlooks the town of the same name and the shallow harbor which on numerous occasions sheltered the ships of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish conquistadores who came after him and developed the Isthmus of Panama into one of the greatest trade routes in the world of that time. Across it was transported that vast amount of treasure that flowed from the Americas into the treasury of the Spanish kings at Madrid. The Rio Chagres was one of the routes across the isthmus, and for that reason was defended at its mouth by the important and heavily garrisoned fortress, San Lorenzo.

**The Amazing Beetle.**

[Popular Science Monthly:] One of the most amazing things in natural history is the way in which beetles have triumphed in the struggle for existence. Of all creatures they are by far the most numerous, no fewer than 150,000 distinct species having been identified—three times the number of backboneed animals.

Beetles are wonderfully adaptable. They are found practically everywhere—in the frost-bound tracts of Iceland and in the hot desert sands of Africa; on the highest mountains, under the ground, and as fossils, in the deepest strata; on land and in water; on plants, among stones, and in wood and earth; and even in the very craters of volcanoes.

But there is one place where no beetle has yet been found—it is the inhospitable land of Spitzbergen, to the north of Russia. Here are mammals, birds, fish, mollusks, crustaceans, a few insects of varied species and many spiders, but not a single beetle. While other insects have succeeded in some way in migrating from the mainland the

beetles have apparently been unable to cross the wide, icy waters.

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from fifty to 100 pounds of food every twenty-four hours. If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every twenty-four hours. A caterpillar eats twice its weight of leaves every day, but a potato beetle devours every day at least five times its weight of foliage.

**Just What She Wanted.**

[Kansas City Times:] The much-travelled young man had just returned from foreign climes, and, of course, he must entertain his rich old aunt (with whom he was in favor) with stories of the wonderful sights he had seen.

"Yes," he said in the course of his remarks, "there are some spectacles that can never be forgotten."

"Dear me," exclaimed the absent-minded old lady, "I do wish you would get me a pair of them, John."

**Salted Telephone Holes.**

[Boston Transcript:] "Salting" mines is still classed in some parts of the West with the crime of horse stealing, but because it was a joke dire punishment will hardly be meted out to the Nevada who "salted" ground where the telephone workers were about to dig post holes. They promptly "discovered" a tremendously rich mine.

# BURNS

GOOD SHOES  
525 South Broadway  
Soft and Easy Shoes  
Grover's, Martha Washington,  
Julia Marlowe



Finest grade Paris Kid, plain toe, hand-sewed soles, button \$4 & \$5.00  
or lace, Grover make  
Fine Kid Lace or Congress, \$3.00  
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Grover's Soft and Easy Slippers, finest Kid, plain toe, with flat bow.  
One strap ..... \$2.75  
Two strap ..... \$3.50  
Many Styles of Safe, Soft & Easy Slippers \$1.50 TO \$3

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IF you want a pair of Shoes that are easy try a pair of our Fit Easy Clogs. In Vici Kid, Gun Metal or Tan ..... \$3.50 TO \$7.00

FOOT TROUBLES

If you are having trouble with your feet call on us as we have a salesman with us who is a specialist on foot troubles.

Agents for  
**The Wizard Foot Appliances**  
Call and have them explained.



But wherever the second ship is been afflicting the whole country during the July days.

destined to appear, the fact stands out in private enterprise, in which those

United States.

in Brazil more easily than in the side the dock at Rio de Janeiro. Ger-

great Amazon River or is lying along-mer. It is a land which attracts the the streams in the hottest days in sum-

Bremen has poked her nose into the mountain and lake and rustle along and the balmy breezes that sweep over

It need not surprise anyone to hear that on her way to South America.

Illustrated Weekly.

Los Angeles Times

today than ever before in my life, and the proof is shown by the fact that I play a better game than when I was younger."

'Tis a fact. Tyrus at thirty-odd years is a better performer than when he was sweet sixteen, and the reason is that he now keeps his veins flushed with invigorating currents of pigiron.

Also—according to the glowing advertisement—Cobb has been discovered in his New York apartments by the interviewer. Again—in a spirit of self-elimination—he makes confession:

"Thousands of people write to me to know how I train and what I do to keep up that wonderful force and vitality which enables me to play practically every day of the entire baseball season. They wonder why I am better today than when I was younger. The secret is in keeping up the supply of metal in my blood—exactly what everyone else can do if he will. At the beginning of the season I was nervous and run down, but soon the papers began to state that Ty Cobb had 'come back.' He was once more hitting up the old stride. The secret was pigiron—peroxide of steel filled me with renewed life. Now they say I am worth \$50,000 a year to any base ball team; yet, without plenty of gunmetal in my blood I wouldn't be worth 5 cents. Peroxide of hardware supplies that 'stay there' strength and vim that makes men of mark and women of power."

It seems odd to think of Tyrus taking treatment for waning manhood, or boiling down old anchors for the sake of the iron, but here are lustrous testimonials and flamboyant advertisements to that effect. It is all very easy. We can go to the Bethlehem Steel Works and be born again, or visit Charlie Schwab's Bessemer fountain of eternal youth.

Lucky Cobb!

He will get all his medicine for nothing, and play the game forever. After giving such a handsome testimonial he would surely get all the dope he could use from the factory producing his favorite brand of pigiron juice.

Other People's Business.

"MIND your own business" is a proverb which has grown up among men from long experience. It is meant to keep one man from intermeddling too much in the affairs of another man, not to help him but to hinder.

There is another way in which the adage is very enlightening. We are living in wonderful times in these days. The arrival of the Deutschland at Baltimore the other day created an epoch in human civilization. It was in a way the most wonderful thing that has happened in this wonderful age. We doubt if people generally quite realize the magnificence of this German achievement.

To us the wonder of the fact is increased many fold by the knowledge that the ship was begun only last March. In four months she was ready to put to sea.

The United States a couple of years ago ordered a couple of submarines built, and they are not well begun. Before the government gets these two boats finished and ready to put into commission German private enterprise may easily have a whole fleet of mercantile submarines appearing in every port on the seven seas. Though the keel of the Deutschland was laid down only last March, it is quite possible that her sister ship, the Bremen, is, as this is written, already out at sea with her nose pointed for some quarter of the compass known only to those who sent her out.

It is hinted that she is on her way to some American port, and she may be, for there is scope enough between Boston and Galveston to defy the allies to guess her course. But she may be

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

10th Year—New Series, Volume X, No. 4.

Single Copies, by mail or at News Agencies, 10c.

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912.

Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

Average Circulation Weekly, 103,000.



OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

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California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year, without, \$2.60 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surpassing Midwinter Number for 1916 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.50 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found acceptable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

### THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THE grapes this year are unusually fine. The vineyards would never vote themselves dry.

NEW YORK'S Broadway may have brighter lights than our own, but it has no fairer women.

THIS has been a most wonderful summer. It is doubtful if the city of delightful seasons ever enjoyed a longer period of rarer climatic consistency.

LOS ANGELES has the luck to have a sunny people who fit into its climate. The brilliance of our days and the softness of our nights seem to inspire generous and gracious manners.

LOS ANGELES is not only the home of the moving picture, but also possesses some of the finest still photography in the world. Its artists in this line win prizes wherever great exhibitions are held.

BETWEEN the training camp at Monterey and the absence of our militiamen, who are now at the Mexican border, Los Angeles is a trifle short on soldiers. There is the greatest danger that Villa may leave his supposed hiding place in the city, go to the Plaza, organize an army and march down to capture the harbor and occupy San Pedro.

IF ANYBODY could have a quarrel with Southern California it would be on the ground that its people sometimes are in a state of apathy concerning vital questions. Many a bad measure carries and many a good one fails because the people are so happy that they do not wake up. There is so much good fortune here that there is sometimes too much indifference.

### Imitating Lizzie.

A FEW years ago there appeared on the market a story entitled "Keeping Up with Lizzie." It was regarded by many intelligent readers as among the best American novels of the generation. Lizzie was a village girl, and her father kept a grocery store. She worked hard in it, and did much to make it a success. Then she became ambitious, went away to a high-grade school, from which she returned with a great many airs. She put a lot of crimps in village society, and every girl in the community went half-crazy following her example, which accounts for the title of the story. In due time Lizzie's extravagance brought her father into bankruptcy. Then she took off her frills and furbelows, donned a cheap but sensible business dress, went back into the store and built it up to prosperity again. So, it will appear, Lizzie was a girl worth imitating.

Los Angeles is among the cities of America what Lizzie was among the girls of her village. Her career has been so brilliant, her success so astonishing, that the name of the city is spread from pole to pole, and from the rising to the setting of the sun. The girls of the village would have been very loath to confess that they were imitating their companion, and so with the cities of the country. They would sniff and snort if charged with imitating Los Angeles. Yet the girls of the village all followed Lizzie's example, and there is not a city that would not be glad to follow Los Angeles in her very successful career. And some of them are following her.

There are many elements that have entered into the successful career of this city. Not the least of these elements by any means has been the very sane and sensible way in which she has conducted her relations with the laborers who have had so much to do with the upbuilding of the community. Her attitude in this respect is well known all over the world. Los Angeles stands for the open shop, the only fair and equitable way of dealing between employer and employee. She stands for labor in its broadest and highest sense, because she stands for the interests of every laborer, and not for those of a select few. She has been a leader among the cities of the country in this respect, and this is the path in which her sister cities are now following, one and all.

A strike has been in existence from Puget Sound to Los Angeles Harbor at every port along the coast. The stevedores and longshoremen asked for higher wages, which they had a perfect right to do. The shipmasters and owners refused to grant this request, which they had a perfect right to do. Then the men went on strike in large bodies, which again they had a right to do. This was followed by an attempt of the shipmasters and owners to discharge and load cargo with the help of nonunion men, which they had a right to do.

Up to this point each side is within its rights. But when the union longshoremen and stevedores undertook, by a campaign of violence, to prevent independent laborers from doing the necessary work to carry on the commerce of the Coast, when they attacked personally these independent workers, beating many of them, maiming some of them, and when they undertook to destroy property by fire and to commit other deeds against the law, then they were outside of their rights, and the shipmasters and owners felt compelled to call upon the peace officers of the cities and of the State to protect them in their rights.

Here is where Los Angeles' example sticks out like a beacon light on the mountaintop on a dark night. The president of the City Council, acting in the capacity of the Mayor, in the

absence of the municipal chief executive, went down to the harbor, and, fearlessly facing the striking stevedores and longshoremen, practically read the riot act into their ears. He told them he would use the police force, and if that were not sufficient to quell their violence would call upon the Sheriff for help, and if this failed he would go farther and ask the State authorities to send soldiers to protect life and property and to guarantee a reign of law and order.

San Francisco is in a worse condition than Los Angeles on account of the striking union longshoremen and stevedores. Things came to such a pass there that the Chamber of Commerce took the subject up, and asked the Mayor to increase the police force. As we understand it, this addition to the police force was to be selected in the usual way, to be under the direction of the usual executive officers, but to be paid by the Chamber of Commerce. Mayor Rolfe is now serving his second term in the executive office of the city of San Francisco. He has been, we believe, a good Mayor in the main. Why he refused to increase the police force at the request of the great body representing the business interests of the city we do not know. He has been usually a little weak-kneed in dealing with matters of this kind, in which he has been following the usual way of the San Francisco politician, and going directly away from the method of handling such difficulties practiced in Los Angeles.

The longshoremen and stevedores of San Francisco, relying perhaps on this inactivity on the part of the Mayor, seem to have considered their victory won, but they have gone too far. The members of the Chamber of Commerce have at last come out in that city with an open declaration that they will maintain the open shop in every industry in the city from this time forth. They have raised a large sum of money to back their campaign, and all they need is a little nerve; otherwise to imitate Sister Lizzie, Los Angeles, in her good work, and their case will be won. The same is being done in every city along the coast, and it looks as if the cause of law and order, the right of every man to sell his labor as he wishes, to whom he wishes, and for whatever price he wishes, will be maintained.

With great bodies like the chambers of commerce of the cities united and organized, the weak-kneed, shifty politicians are between his Satanic majesty and the waves of the blue ocean, and will have to choose which course they will follow. That they will follow the course of the largest number is sure, and that is the business men.

### Iron in the Blood.

TO A LARGE number of our lusty citizens Tyrus Raymond Cobb is something more than a mere man. He is almost an institution.

To such will come with ineffable sadness the emblazoned confession of the Georgia peach that he was so terribly run down that he might have had to retire from an active career but for the prompt and copious use of peroxide of steel.

So Cobb was human, after all, subject to that tired feeling that marks the incoming of the bock beer season. Although Tyrus is pretty well used to seeing his picture in the pink papers, it blossoms forth once more in all the splendor of the advertising pages.

He has joined the grand army of those who have found relief in seeing their names penned to a medicine testimonial.

Let him modestly tell his own story—for Tyrus is ever a modest, shrinking violet.

"I am astonished at the tremendous strength and endurance which I so quickly obtained from taking peroxide of metal. I feel younger and stronger

NOTE HE Request for Probab Service Bu Revor. Commissio for

The Publ yesterday a report of f whole, which letter in repl ing his con uring the private water ing off the a nees. The c not given to Del Valle ex ter of courte from the pul Mayor's hand ing that foll indicated the not accede to Commission present a moved in a second, and other four in sion voted t the commit FAVORS J In his min man said: "I repeat have made t casions that an additional enues to the fund of wate before this board interfering w mented, and of the re cal year to b bonds, his "in his b directs our at of taxpaye tax bills, an the most de government i ing expendit that there w Our attenti the budgeta ments of the which witho cut far belon CUTT

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Illustrated Weekly.  
way to South America. It need surprise anyone to hear that the Bremen has poked her nose into the great Amazon River or is lying alongside the dock at Rio de Janeiro. Germany needs rubber, and this can be got in Brazil more easily than in the United States.

But wherever the second ship is destined to appear, the fact stands out that private enterprise, in which those engaged in it are attending to their own business, far exceeds in efficiency public enterprise, wherein those engaged are attending to the business of the commonwealth. This probably lay at the root of Thomas Jefferson's philosophy enunciated in the declaration that the country which is governed least is governed best, that the government function best understood and best carried out is where the government stands between individuals and sees that fairness prevails without attempting to interfere too much in the private affairs of citizens. Jefferson said this kind of government was better for the government, better for business and better for the people. And the longer we live and the more we see, the truer this philosophy appears.

### California Achievements.

IT IS but a couple of generations since California came into the eyes of the world by getting definitely on the map. What wonderful achievements the State has won in this brief period of time! The whole State has shared in this great progress, but the crest of the wave has been in the southern end of the State. This is all the more remarkable when one considers the first movements toward progress were begun in the center of the State. It was there that gold was discovered in that old mill race in Sutter Creek. San Francisco was the great port of entry for the whole Coast, and that city had a wonderful advantage in her magnificent bay.

But Southern California had the charm of climate, the attraction of romance, and the inspiration of poetry behind her. The climate of Southern California is equally as attractive in August as in January; in November as in April. In fact this is the country without winter, where everything is summer and yet no torrid heat interferes with the enjoyment of life.

Readers of this Illustrated Weekly, published every Saturday by The Times, must be attracted in many ways by the charm of the southern end of the State. Take the issue that went out with last Sunday's copy of The Times and contemplate the great pleasure pier at Huntington Beach, pictured on the top of the cover page. It is the largest pier of the kind in the United States, though Huntington Beach is comparatively but a small town. The pier has been created by the property-owners of that little place, and it is really a great achievement. As it appeared in mid-July, when the country everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains was sweltering in torrid heat, made ten times more uncomfortable by the moisture of the climate in those parts of the country, this pier, surrounded by the peaceful blue waves of the great ocean, looked attractive, indeed. Turn over the cover page and look at the big page picture of Baldwin Lake, nestled under the brow of the great San Bernardino Mountains, capped with snow for many miles, and surely it looks like a place where one might enjoy a day in the middle of summer. Then glance across at the page opposite and see the native daughter of the Golden West clad in fishing costume angling for the gamy trout in one of California's great streams.

It is only here in the Southwest that we appreciate these things to their full value. We know the glamour of our great mountain ranges, the crystal purity of our lakes and streams,

and the balmy breezes that sweep over mountain and lake and rustle along the streams in the hottest days in summer. It is a land which attracts the tourist every day in the year, whether from the snow of severe winters in the East or from the torrid heat of oppressive summers, such as that which has been afflicting the whole country during the July days.

### Popular Government and War.

THAT was a wonderful article which appeared in The Times on Sunday, July 9, from the pen of Hon. Winston Churchill, member of the British Parliament, and for some time a member of the British Cabinet. Mr. Churchill is a very vigorous individual, positive in his views, and open in his expression of them. He has been called by some the English Roosevelt.

In his review of the war, this British statesman, or politician, calls attention to the fact that Germany was well prepared for the struggle and his own country poorly prepared. From this one example he goes on to draw a general conclusion to the effect that a dictator or a despot is a necessity in time of war, and a popular government is at a disadvantage. It may be conceded in a general way that an enlightened, highly moral despotism is in every respect, in war and in peace, the most desirable form of government among men. The trouble is to get the highly intelligent and conscientious despot in power, and to keep him in that mind while he has power.

But it appears to us that Mr. Churchill has generalized too quickly. France is a popular government, and yet that republic seems to have been pretty nearly as well prepared as the Teuton autocracy under the Kaiser. Go back a couple of generations and you will find that France, under a despotic government, that of Napoleon III, was so unprepared that Germany swept her like a hurricane from the face of the earth. But look at facts as they are today. Russia is more despotic than Germany, and yet that country was more unprepared for the conflict than even Great Britain.

But, if Mr. Churchill is right, then still it is to be desired, on humanity's account, that popular governments should be right. We have the most popular government in the world ourselves, and we have been confronted now for two years with many conditions out of which war might easily have grown. Had there been a man like the Kaiser at the head of the American government we would have been at war with Mexico for the last twenty months at least, and we would have had an army of half a million men down in the southern republic, killing Mexicans and being killed themselves. It is not because the President of the United States is a man of peaceful instincts that we have avoided war with Mexico. The President is a politician, or he never would have reached the office he fills, and in a government so popular as that of the United States a politician is merely an echo of public sentiment.

There is little room to doubt that the administration at Washington sympathizes with more or less ardor with the allies in the European conflict. Had the President been of the disposition of the German Emperor, and had he had the power that wonderful man possesses, there is little doubt that we should have carried on our diplomacy with the German government with a higher hand than Mr. Wilson showed in his conducting of the disputes between the two countries. But the President knew the people of the United States did not want a war with Mexico, with Germany, or with any other power in the world, and if he plunged them into war when there was any possibility of keeping out of the fray he would be simply cooking his own political goose to a very brown turn.

### Imitating Lizzie.

A FEW years ago there appeared on the market a story entitled "Keeping Up with Lizzie." It was regarded by many intelligent readers as among the best American novels of the generation. Lizzie was a village girl, and her father kept a grocery store. She worked hard in it, and did much to make it a success. The

trouble has been heaped upon the head of a careless citizen of Indiana because he accumulated an interesting collection of six wives. Had this happened in Utah it might have been glossed over, but while the folks of the Hoosier State are prone to have a plurality of literary lights and loves the one-wife habit has become firmly fixed as social and domestic law.

While one wife is usually a highly-prized institution and the idea has been written up with approval by many of our best publications a plurality of wives is mentioned only with anger or derision.

This seems strange. It would appear that if one wife was a good thing a collection of them would be still better on the theory that two dollars are better than one.

The more the merrier. Yet, not so. The average man on hearing of the adventures of this six-spoused Hoosier will scornfully declare that he has been punished enough already.

It is curious that all this should have happened on the four hundredth anniversary of the embarkation of Henry VIII on his career as a much-married man. It is also odd that the English King should likewise have had a total of six wives before he quit the game. Henry, however, was gentleman enough to drive tandem instead of trying to come into the stretch six abreast. Among kings Henry ranks up pretty well with Solomon in the matrimonial stakes. For one who started out in life so intensely religious as he, Henry became distressingly reckless in his marrying. But for the death of his brother and his diversion to the throne Henry might have become an archbishop instead of a bloodthirsty connoisseur of feminine beauty. As it is, although he was a person of unusual education and the glow of genius, a scholar, an athlete, and one of exceptional mental and physical excellence, he is remembered in history mainly for his six adventures in matrimony and the hasty and complete manner in which he got rid of a spouse when he tired of her.

When he soured on his Queen he didn't pack his trunk and hike for the next town. He pushed the button for his favorite executioner and told him to give her the ax where the chickens got it. Of course, this wasn't always the case. He got a divorce from the first one, but it was a rather long and expensive process and he never cared to repeat it. One of his collection died on his hands before he got around to her case.

Of Henry's collection of skirts three of them were named Catherine. He would have made a good man to run a poker room—he paid so much attention to the Kitty. All the same he might have got in to trouble through trying to hold six queens.

If it hadn't been for the dolls Henry might have been quite a geezer as kings go. He had a fine start in the king row and business looked good, but whenever a new fairy fluttered down the line Hank would oil up his buzz wagon and start on the chase. He didn't care much what happened so long as he had all the women in the world. When he was still young he went over to France and did some fighting, but he thought he might be missing something so he moseyed back to Broadway and the pursuit of the skirt. For a deeply-religious man his behavior was something scandalous. He turned affairs of war and state over to his friend, Cardinal Wolsey, and gave most of his attention to the collection of lady butterflies.

Now, he is dead and few people speak of him with affection or reverence. In history he is lumped off with Blue Beard and other copiously wived gents. He is spoken of as the fat slob with the morals of a Turk. His pictures show him wearing the first plug hat that was ever designed and he has a wide-ruffed collar that looks like a platter on which to serve his conk. The spirituelle beauty of his youth is gone and he resembles a lobster awaiting the next customer.

That's what a man gets for harvesting a crop of six wives. Whether it is in England of four centuries ago or in Indiana of today retribution is standing at the door with clenched fist. Man cannot dally with a round half-dozen dolls without getting pinched for it—either here or hereafter. One would think that if a man is foolish enough to buy glassware and apparel for six or seven dames he should be left to his

fate; but not so. The world will not even suffer him to operate in his own devices, folly and insolence. No man can herd six fairies and get away with it. He has got to give the rest of us a chance.

### Old Chinese Coins.

[Boston Transcript:] Haskell Oriental Museum at University of Chicago has recently been presented with a remarkable collection of coins by Mr. Jacob Spelcher of Shanghai, China. Chinese coins, medals and amulets to the number of 344, arranged in historical sequence, are supplemented by coins of Annam and Korea, with a few from the old regime of Japan. Altogether, 1063 specimens are included. The donor was engaged in their collection some twelve years in China. After being on exhibition for three or four years at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, they are now permanently located in Chicago. The value of the accession is much increased by the manuscript catalogue which Mr. Spelcher has furnished with the collection.

Our adjective "pecuniary" still bears witness to the cattle which served early Rome as measures of value. In China likewise, but far earlier, actual commodities had constituted the first medium of exchange. The Chinese, however, seem to have preferred mental objects, especially battle axes and knives. As government credit became established, it was found more convenient to coin small models of these utensils. The exhibit begins, then, with "battle-ax" coins, some of which date back traditionally to the period 2255-1122 B. C. Even with the adoption of a later date this would probably give China first place in the study of numismatics.

"Knife" coins form an interesting group. Their round handles, with holes in the center, two of which are distinguished by a square perforation, are supposed to have furnished the pattern for the round cash with square holes so regularly used later. Other peculiar shapes are "bridge" and the pebble-like pellets called by the Chinese numismatists "ant" coins. All these oldest, most brittle copper specimens are mounted in handsome trays of camphor wood. The largest object in Mr. Spelcher's collection is a magnificent medal with dragon decoration, bestowed as a reward for loyalty by the ruler Wu Tsung (1525 A.D.).

### An Intelligent Seaworm.

[Washington Star:] The question of where intelligence begins to manifest itself in a scale of animal life has often been asked. It seems to exist even in the lowest forms. A peculiar specimen of the invertebrates of the ocean, an exceedingly small worm—so small that it measures less than four millimeters in length—exhibits movements that cannot be explained by anything but intelligent will.

This midget seaworm is a constructor; he builds a rampart in the shape of a tube, composed of grains of sand. His form shows a hanging double lip jutting like a fleshy precipice over a great mouth, four black eyes set in the front of his head and two tentacles which work incessantly, wringing and lashing whatever they can reach. It is with the same apparently nervous tentacles that the little monster of the deep seizes his material, the glistening sand, of which he constructs his rampart.

He catches a grain of sand in his tentacles and immediately carries it to his mouth. In his mouth nature secretes a strong cement. One grain after another is covered with cement and rapidly accumulated in the form of a tube. Naturally enough, when the builder works so fast, there must be breaches in the walls. These breaches are carefully scrutinized by the worm, filled with grains of sand and covered with cement. When finished, the tube is a very practical and creditable piece of work.

Nothing could be more interesting than the little workman's management of his tentacles. Again and again he tests the solidity of his work by tapping the walls in every direction. To observe the work of this peculiar sea-pygmy is to be convinced that the tubelike rampart is not built by accident. In such work there must be the participation of some sort of mentality.



**Epidemic Infantile Paralysis.**

THE epidemic of infantile paralysis which has invaded the eastern section of the country and threatens to sweep across the continent makes it imperative that every one should know something of this dread disease of childhood.

One of the most important things to know about any disease is to understand "what it isn't," and this is peculiarly true of infantile paralysis, as there is a very prevalent belief that this disease and cerebro-spinal meningitis are identical. Such is not the case, however. Indeed, it is only in one particular—that of producing paralysis, or palsy—that the two diseases seem closely akin, except in the very general way of being peculiarly fatal epidemic diseases of childhood which affect the nervous system. Even the paralyzes produced by the two diseases are of different types, although this difference may not be apparent to casual observation.

Speaking generally, infantile paralysis may be described as an affection of a special part of the spinal cord, while cerebro-spinal meningitis is essentially a disease that involves the membranes which cover the brain and spinal cord. The particular part of the spinal cord which is attacked in infantile paralysis is the group of large cells which occupy the anterior portion of the gray matter. Attached to these cells are nerve fibers connecting with the muscular structures of the body. If these fibers, or the cells themselves, are injured or destroyed, the power of motion is lost in the muscles they control—that is, paralysis is produced. The palsy which follows an attack of infantile paralysis is due to the destruction or impairment of certain groups of these cells in the spinal cord.

**Peculiarities of the Paralysis.**

In this type of paralysis the legs are more frequently affected than the arms; yet in many instances the paralysis does not involve the entire limb, but simply a group of muscles in the arm or leg. In such cases the child is able to make certain movements with the limb, but unable to make others. This condition indicates that the group of cells in the spinal cord which control the paralyzed muscles have been overwhelmed by the infection, while neighboring groups have escaped. In many instances the affected cells are not completely destroyed, but simply, impaired temporarily; and in such cases they may gradually regenerate, and the muscles they control regain their normal function.

When this does not occur, or when the regeneration is not complete, there is a gradual wasting away of the affected muscles, which results in a dwarfing of the limb if a group of cells are involved. This is due to the fact that the cells in the spinal cord control the nutrition, as well as the power to use the muscles. The affected limb is not nourished properly, and does not grow as rapidly as the normal parts of the body; and since the disease usually attacks children between the years of 3 and 8, before growth is completed, a shortened, diminutive limb results.

It should be understood, however, that infantile paralysis does not confine its attacks exclusively to children. Adults are not entirely immune; and the symptoms of such attacks, and the after effects are practically identical with the effects produced in limbs are not shortened, because growth has already been attained.

**How the Attack Begins.**

It should not be understood that paralysis is the only effect produced by this contagion. The entire system is invaded by it; and this invasion may be so complete, and the effect produced so profound, that death follows in a short time. In any event, there is a more or less general inflammatory condition of the nervous system, in which the cells in the cord suffer most, perhaps because they are well supplied with blood and extremely delicate structures.

In the beginning, the symptoms produced by an attack of infantile paralysis are very similar to those of a dozen other ailments common to childhood. The child may be feverish, restless and obviously unwell, and

there may be digestive upsets. Frequently these symptoms are most significant. In these symptoms are accompanied by lameness, or weakness of some of the joints, and severe cases there may be convulsions; and even in most of the milder cases there is sufficient pain and discomfort to cause pain when the child is moved.

In some cases, however, the child seems to be simply slightly "under the weather" for a day or two. Then it may be noticed that one or more of the limbs are not being used freely; and a careful examination reveals the true nature of the ailment. Thus, in some instances, the early symptoms fail to attract attention, the inability to use the limbs freely being the first indication that something is wrong.

In most epidemics about 20 per cent. of all cases prove fatal; 20 per cent. recover completely after a relatively brief illness; and 60 per cent. are left with one or more limbs either completely paralyzed or permanently impaired in their function.

**Period of "Incubation."**

The time that elapses between the entrance of any infection into the system and the appearance of symptoms, is known as the "period of incubation." The length of this period in infantile paralysis is not definitely known. According to Dr. Haven Emerson, Commissioner of Health for New York, "the time elapsing between the date of contact, direct or mediate, with a known case and the development of the disease has varied very much in different epidemics, and in different cases in the same epidemic. The range is from two to thirty days, the average seven to ten days. The possibility of abortive cases acting as carriers must be borne in mind, and also the fact that there are many authentic reports of cases in which the disease was in all probability carried by a third person."

"There is no definite information as to the duration of the period of infectivity, i.e., the time during which a person ill with the disease is capable of transmitting it to others. Experiments on animals have shown, however, that the virus can persist in the nasal membranes for many weeks, or even months."

The commissioner also gives the following instruction to citizens for helping to stamp out the epidemic: "New York is in danger of being scourged with the worst epidemic of infantile paralysis in its history. You citizens, however, can help us check the ravages of the disease and perhaps help in the saving of hundreds of lives by obeying a few simple rules. For instance, any illness of a child should demand immediate attention, and the moment you note any suspicious signs of illness, segregate the child from the other members of the family until medical diagnosis has been made. Suspicious signs are fever, digestive upsets, lameness or weakness in any joint."

It is generally believed that the channel of infection is usually the membranes of the nose, the virus entering the air passages. From here it goes in a roundabout way through the lymphatic vessels and fluids of the brain into the spinal fluid, finally attacking the nerve tissues. Recent investigations point to the probability that the so-called "distemper" in dogs, and a corresponding disease in horses, is caused by the same infection. "Hence, a dog affected with distemper should be isolated," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "and no child should be allowed to associate with it. While it has not been shown that flies will carry the disease, in all probability they may transmit the infection by their feet. Consequently, flies should be excluded by proper screens, if possible, from any animals that suffer from distemper, and certainly should be prevented from reaching any individual suffering from infantile paralysis."

**Prevention and Treatment.**

Thus far no treatment has been discovered that will cure the disease—no specific that combats the effect of the poison and is positively curative, as is the case with certain antitoxines. But when the acute effect of the attack has spent itself, leaving behind as wreckage the groups of injured cells in the cord, there are perfectly definite methods of assisting nature to repair the damage. It

may be that none of these efforts will prove effective in certain cases, and in any event treatment is a long-drawn-out process.

The method of treatment, as outlined by Dr. H. Campbell Thompson, is as follows: "As soon as the acute symptoms have subsided, efforts must be made to maintain the nutrition of the muscles until the damaged cells recover sufficiently to take on their functions. Massage and electricity are the most reliable methods to adopt, and nowhere is perseverance in treatment more necessary than in this disease. The treatment must be kept up for a very long time, with the object of improving those fibers which, though badly nourished, are still, by persistent stimulation, capable of being strengthened sufficiently to aid in moving the limb. During this period every effort should be made to prevent contractions and deformities, by means of massage, passive movements, and the judicious use of splints. When they do arise, as unfortunately often happens in spite of treatment, the possibility of making a more useful limb by means of surgical methods may be considered."

**Cerebro-spinal Meningitis.**


There is no question that infantile paralysis is a contagious disease, and in all probability the source of contagion is a germ. As yet, however, this particular germ has not been isolated; and for this reason our knowledge of infantile paralysis is less precise than our knowledge of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

In the struggle to combat disease, the scientist's discovery of the specific germ that causes an ailment corresponds to the soldier's discovery of the enemy's masked batteries. Both discoveries make possible precise marksmanship in place of random shots. Random shooting must still be practiced against infantile paralysis; whereas the discovery that a germ knows as the "meningococcus" causes cerebro-spinal meningitis, makes it possible to obtain better scores against this disease.

We have seen that the early symptoms of infantile paralysis are frequently insidious, and very mild in character. Such is not the case with cerebro-spinal meningitis, however, which usually begins suddenly with vomiting and severe pain in the head, although the pain may be generalized at first.

As the cause of this pain is an inflammation of the membranes, or "meninges," covering the brain and spinal cord, the distress soon focalizes in the head, neck, and along the spine, and becomes almost unbearable in intensity. At this stage the head is drawn back, the neck and back muscles stiffen, the eyes crossed and sensitive to light with paralysis of some of the muscles of the face, and probably delirium. Later, if the patient survives these initial symptoms, hemorrhages occur in the skin in small patches, which have suggested the proper name of "spotted fever."

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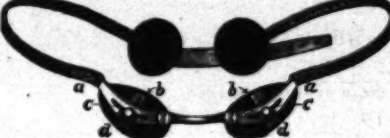
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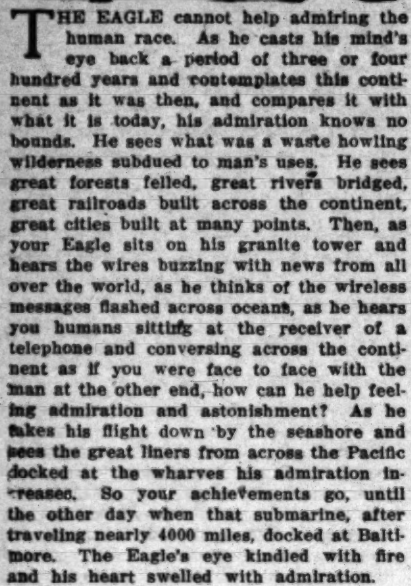
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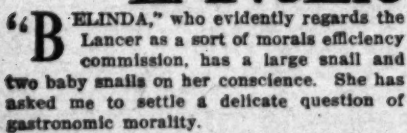
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Yet you know there are many littlenesses in you humans, even at the present day. In spite of all your universities and schools, in spite of all your libraries and books, in spite of all your material progress and all your civilization, you are puzzled to find a definition for your race; and, lo, the poor Eagle has given you two in recent times, when he dubbed you a cooking race and a kissing animal. He has another just as good now which would do to put after the word "man" in any dictionary, "an animal that preys." You are the only race of beings that must have a God. Of course, the Eagle does not forget that there are some



It appears that they had a stylish dinner party at Belinda's house last week and Belinda, being an acknowledged expert on spinach, undertook to cook that item on the menu. But after it was cooked, preparatory to the pureeing process, Belinda discovered that three snails had been inadvertently cooked with it. Belinda herself had never acquired a taste for snails, alive or dead, and she suspected the coming guests of a similar distaste. What then was her moral duty? - That spinach, cooked a la Parisienne, was to be a star item on the menu and there was no time to cook more. None but Belinda knew of the snails. What the eye doth not see the tummy doth not grieve. Belinda made a stern resolve and decided to ignore the snails. The dish proved a brilliant success, but Belinda herself dexterously avoided partaking thereof. But since then she has suffered from the remorse of an uneasy conscience. Snails haunt her. They pursue their slimy way through her troubled dreams. She has entirely lost her appetite for green vegetables and regards every dish with a disturbing suspicion.

What consolation can I give to Belinda? Her inquiry reeks with the anguish of a tormented soul. Coals of fire are daily show-

men who deny this necessity, but no one knows, too, that there are blind men; but their blindness does not knock the eyes out of all the race; that there are deaf men but that their deafness does not deprive the whole race of ears.

Religion is an adjunct of the human race, which lifts it far above the rest of creation. Yet you know there is a disadvantage in having gods, too. Everything depends on what you make a god. The prophet of old laughed with mocking accents at the heathen of his time who cut down a tree in the forest, took part of it to cook his victuals with, with the other portion of it he made a fire to warm himself with, and laughed, "Ha, ha! I've seen the fire." The rest of the old stick he carved into a god, fell down and worshiped it. And, believe the Eagle, there are worse idols for a man to have than one made of stick or stone.

You people of America in this century have great contempt of worshippers of idols, and plume yourself greatly on your superior wisdom and the excellence of your religion. Yet, do you know, many of you are gross idolaters? For you worship heroes, and the worst of this is that many of your heroes are zeroes. Woe to the man who sets up a molten or a graven image, falls down before it and calls it a god, for a man is at heart what his religion is, and if he worships an unworthy object it creates in him an unworthy soul. And what god is more unworthy than a fellow-man? The stick is at least neutral, and the molten image has no immorality about it per se. The hero is often very gross and very immoral, and the zero god is the worst kind of a hero-god.

Next to your religion, dear human friends, the most important matter in your life is your government: In America you are a free people, and therein the Eagle rejoices; "yea, and will rejoice," for he is a free bird himself that pines and dies in bondage and has no use for any kind of slavery. Your boast is that your government is one "of the people, by the people and for the people," and surely that is very fine. But imperfection lurks in everything human, and here is where your government of yourselves is defective. Government is a matter of principles, many of them fundamental. But what a lot of you Americans make it a matter of personality, setting up an idol to worship in some hero who is often a zero, and

placing him and his ideas above and instead of the Immortal Constitution of the United States!

A fundamental principle is unchanging, "Is the same yesterday, today and forever." This no human being ever is, and many of you are like a weather-cock, blown about by every wind of doctrine, boxing the compass sometimes in a day as the winds change. Your Eagle knows what he is talking about, for the other day he heard a political discussion which illustrates exactly what he is saying. You have granted here in California the right of voting to your women, and here, again, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." It was a male voter discussing politics with two suffragettes. He was astonished that they were like Ephraim, wedded to their idol, and that the Constitution of the United States was a mere scrap of paper in their minds. In fact, they knew no more about it than they knew about Chinese metaphysics.

When the male voter attacked their political idol as a weather-cock, who never could tell one day what he would do the next, one of the suffragettes cheerfully exclaimed, "That shows the man's wisdom. Only a fool never changes his mind." And, do you know, she thought she had the whole matter clinched with an unanswerable argument. He next said: "But your hero whom you are worshipping has heaped taxes upon our backs until they are piled so high that every business in the country is taxed almost to death." And here the other suffragette chipped in with the same joyful lack of consequence in her reasoning, "Then, if our hero has increased taxes, why taxes must be a good thing."

Well, your politics are no worse than your religion. Here in this day and generation is one great Christian church taxing another great Christian body with making a god of a man and following him in everything he says as infallible, and back comes the body so charged with the retort, "Well, do you not make a god of a book?" And, do you know, your Eagle cannot see that the difference is so very great between following an infallible man or an infallible book.

The Eagle knows he is shocking both Christian bodies in this apparent attack upon their religious systems. That would be unkind to the Eagle, for he is not express-

his own views, but strongly urged on a shakedown to get down palpable facts. If you will go back with your Eagle and look at history you will see what inconsistencies you are guilty of. Do you know what brought about the great religious reformation in the sixteenth century in England? Was it not a dispute as to whether Henry VIII had a right to marry Catherine of Aragon or not? Did he not appeal to the Bible for justification of Henry's putting away Catherine? Why? Because Henry had an elder brother, Arthur, who would have been King had he not died. Now Catherine had come to England as the affianced bride of Arthur, bringing with her an immense dower. The King of England at that time, Henry VII, had been a tramp all over Europe, until at the battle of Bosworth Field he conquered and slew Richard III, known as the hunchback. And so when Henry came to the throne he was overburdened with debts and took Catherine's Spanish money to pay his creditors. When Arthur died, if Catherine was sent back to Spain her dower would have to go with her, and there was no money to meet the obligation. So they married her to Henry with all the due solemnities of the rites of the church. This was attacked on the ground that the affianced bride of Arthur was tantamount to a wife, and that the marriage of Henry to the woman was contrary to the Mosaic law.

That is all musty history, and the whole thing is a mere scrap of paper today, for, lo, George V was married to Queen Mary exactly as Henry was married to Catherine, and, lo, the world goes on peaceably in spite of the Mosaic law, a different circumstance from 300 years ago when such an incident brought on a great split in the church that culminated in the war between Spain and England.

The Eagle's opinion is that principles are vital in religion and politics, and that hero-worship or zero-worship is dangerous to you humans.

Yours,

*The Eagle* INC. 1927 

ered on her head when her friends insist upon recalling the epicurean flavor of her spinach.

Belinda, my dear, you suffer needlessly. It is merely an attitude of mind. It is your narrow, horrid prejudice against your brother snail that engenders your heartache. You are not sorry you cooked those poor, blameless creatures alive, you are not fearful because you have broken up a respectable snail family, wrecked a decent snail home; you are only sorry that you allowed your guests, remotely and unconsciously, to associate with the common or garden snail on rather intimate terms. Now this is mere snobbery. Snails have a very excellent social standing in France. You have merely proved that snails are a piquant addition to spinach. All you have to do, my dear, is to take the snails to your heart, insist that they are an essential ingredient of perfect spinach, that, indeed, you would never think of cooking spinach without them.

### The Merry Divorcee.

THE statistics assure us that divorced women remarry much more readily than widows and that they annex a large percentage of bachelors into the bargain.

This seems reasonable enough when you come to think of it. You see, the divorcee, with keen business shrewdness, has been quick to cut her loss, and embark on a new enterprise with her rescued capital of charms. When a Wall street financier finds himself embarrassed with stock that is going down, in which he invested strictly for a rise, if he is shrewd and courageous, he will hasten to cut his loss and get out, shrug his shoulders, wipe the incident from his memory and try again. If he hangs on to that stock, hoping against hope, carrying over with the persistence of despair, he usually goes bankrupt and has unduly handicapped himself against participating in a more lucrative enterprise.

The widow, on the other hand, who has seen it through, while doubtless equipped with valuable experience and still ready for another gamble, is likely to have seriously depleted her capital of charms and be shy on "the sinews of war." With the best will

in the world circumstances are apt to militate against another venture.

The fact that the divorcees capture the most bachelors is, perhaps, a subtle working of the law of compensation. Bachelors usually deserve something like that. It was the Count de Grammont who declared that husbands were made to be deceived, and it is often good for the bachelor to have proof of this assurance from both angles, plaintiff as well as defendant.

### Proud Woman.

**A** LADY rose at a peace meeting the other day and said that she had never suffered such a sickening insult to her sex as when she read a certain war article anticipating the future status of women, in which it was pretty obvious women would be expected to be bread-winners, as well as child-bearers. This she regarded as proof positive that women bear all the burdens of war and masculinity snatches the plums.

I beg to differ. The woman who is both a mother and a bread-winner has the plum of existence. She has the very real satisfaction of knowing she is the essential pivot of the household, the supreme asset. Those households-in which masculinity is dependent on a woman bread-winner are not exactly havens of joy for the man. He knows and feels his position with every breath he takes. He is never allowed to forget it. He knows himself for an ignominious nonentity, and nothing would give him more superlative satisfaction than to be able to change places with the bread-winning lady. If some physical disability has made him the dependent, he will surely make haste to die as soon as he decently can. He is required to exude incessant gratitude. Everyone assures him what a lucky chap he is to have such a capable wife. If a man supports an invalid wife, he is but doing his duty and there is no praise for him. If a woman supports an invalid husband to support." She is permitted; all whole world conspires to flatter. Employers are called upon to excuse a hundred inefficiencies because "the poor woman has a husband to support." She is permitted all

sorts of nervous tantrums and hysterics that no man could get away with.

And where in the world can women find greater satisfaction than in the fact that they have reared and supported their family with success. It is an achievement, a triumph, a very tangible form of satisfaction. Your woman bread-winner enjoys the privileges of both sexes. Notwithstanding the Argonaut assures us that masculine gallantry went out when suffrage came in, as it might reasonably have been expected to do, women know very well that they can still enjoy all the courtesies and privileges they care to exact. When they, as they can and frequently do, combine the charms of femininity with the efficiency of masculinity, the world is at their feet.

And what is more, she knows it. If she whines, which to her credit few of her do, it is sheer affectation of martyrdom. Or she is incapable of knowing when she is well off. But the whines usually come from the women, like our lady friend of the peace meeting, who have never tried the sublime exhilaration of vital responsibility for others.

The only time when women can really claim to bear the hardships of war more than the men, is when they are lean-to-incapables, without personal resourcefulness. Otherwise war brings them nothing but fine opportunity, splendid chances to exhibit latent strength of character, to give rather than to receive, to do rather than to acquiesce, to save, to reconstruct, to work rather than to weep. And life has nothing better to offer than that.

And think how splendid it should be from a suffragette point of view to let men suffer the horrors of being "protected" for a while. Certainly it might prove a calamity if masculinity should find "protection" pleasant and desirable, but fortunately, if uncomfortable the bread-winning lady's general demeanor will always militate against that. There is not the slightest danger of man finding female support pleasant.

[Detroit Free Press:] "He's different to most men, anyhow."  
"In what way?"

"He even knows all the words in the second verse of 'America.'"









Saturday, July 22, 1916.

Los Angeles Times

# GALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

## Two Billion County.

COUNTY ASSESSOR HOPKINS, with the aid of his staff of deputies, recently turned over to the Board of Supervisors about ninety great volumes containing lists of a total of 750,000 separate pieces of property of all kinds assessed in the county of Los Angeles. The footing in these books shows a total valuation of \$995,171,925. Add to this the estimated value of the steam railroads, \$10,848,250, and the grand total is more than \$1,000,000,000. This is an increase over last year's figures amounting to \$137,726,225, or about 16 per cent.

The showing is very great as it stands, but when one considers the Assessor's figures represent not more than 40 or 50 per cent. of the actual value of the property of the county, the figures are still more surprising.

## Looking Backward.

THE war in Europe, which now has been going on about twenty-four months, has made enormous inroads in the commercial tonnage of the world. So vast has been the loss of ships that with those added for service in the war the world commerce is very much crippled for want of carrying capacity. The other day a ship that left London recently and was making a voyage around the world would earn twice her value as based on the original cost if she should gain her home port again safely with a cargo of wheat from the Pacific Coast.

This is likely to work for good to the Pacific Coast, for although we cannot build modern steamships here we have still the material and the skill to construct wooden vessels that may render great service. Early this week a vessel from San Francisco delivered heavy timbers at the Los Angeles Harbor to be used as keelson and ribs of a great steam schooner to be constructed at the port. This is one of two planned by a company of shipbuilders. They will be the largest steam schooners ever laid down on the Pacific Coast. And here comes another echo from the far past, for the builder who has received the contract is Charles E. Fulton, a descendant of the builder of the first steamboat ever launched upon the waters of the world. Each vessel will be 235 feet long, with 44 feet beam and a hold depth of 17 feet, will cost \$112,000 and have a carrying capacity of 1,500,000 feet of lumber. This industry is likely to prove successful because of the increased cost of steel, and if it should prove so it will be of great advantage to the Pacific Coast.

## Osteopathy Project.

A GREAT medical foundation patterned in part after the Rockefeller Foundation is one of the newest things for Los Angeles. This project is conceived and backed by a number of prominent members of the osteopathic profession in western America. The object of it is excellent, namely, to prevent disease and the advancement of the science of preventive medicine. Los Angeles is certainly a good place for such a foundation, for the reason that invalids flock here from all over the country and that the climate which draws them here makes very greatly for the prevention of disease, and for the curing of it when it does get hold of the system.

## Plucky San Diego.

OUR sister to the south, the city of San Diego, astonished the world two years ago when single-handed she undertook the Panama-California International Exposition. The ground and buildings were so attractive that when the exposition year was past it seemed a thousand pities that the buildings should be torn down and the beautiful grounds be permitted to return to a condition of desert. So the plucky San Diegans courageously undertook to keep their exposition open for a second year. "Pluck wins, it always wins," and San Diego has won in her effort to keep the exposition open a second year. The buildings are just as beautiful now as they were when first erected, and the grounds improve with each passing month because of the continued growth of shrubbery and trees. So now San Diego is out with a plucky plan to make the site a perpetual feature of the city, and may she succeed to her heart's desire.

## Plenty of Money Here.

LOS ANGELES and the whole Southwest have suffered in times past for lack of capital to carry on their enterprises because of the high rate of interest. The city and the whole country around are now sailing on an even keel with the rest of the country on account of the immense increase in the available capital in the banks of Los Angeles and of the several cities around. Because of our lack of industries here, business is not so prosperous as at the East. Banks never hold money in idleness if they can make it earn an increment. Therefore the abundant capital in local vaults is seeking investment in purchasing eastern bonds. This shows that we are on an even keel with the rest of the country, for if money were worth more here than there men in the East would not offer their bonds in this market.

## Burbank Forges Ahead.

EARLY in the month of July little old Burbank had a gala day in laying the foundation of the new City Hall, which is to cost \$13,500 and which will be completed in September. Now it comes up again with a plan to have a swimming pool to be constructed immediately. There is said to be abundance of water now going to waste to keep the pool full of fresh water. Burbank is putting a feather in her cap because of the report of an analysis made of her hay by the University of Southern California, which shows that the fodder grown around Burbank has the highest average of nitrogen of all in the State. Burbank is to have a new cannery ready for the peach and tomato crops of this year. The building is of concrete and has been under construction for about two months. The Lovering block in the city is being remodeled, and an additional story put on. The foothill home of Ralph E. Urey is about completed. Melon shipments began a week ago from an estimated area of 600 acres in the valley.

## Arizona Mines.

THE County Assessors of the State of Arizona have assessed the mining property of the State for this year at \$172,734,913, an increase of \$54,705,910 over the previous year. The Copper Queen is assessed at over \$36,000,000, the Calumet and Arizona over \$25,000,000, the United Verde and Inspiration each over \$20,000,000, then a lot of others running from over \$15,000,000 down to about \$1,000,000. The figures are exclusive of smelting and reduction plants as well as of non-producing mines, all of which, if included, would swell the grand total to \$212,000,000.

## Things Done at the Harbor.

WHILE the Federal government is asked from time to time to appropriate funds for the Los Angeles Harbor with other harbors in the country, the people of the city help themselves very much. At the present time the Nob Hill open cut is being carried on, which is expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$750,000, and on the outer harbor dock No. 1 the municipality is building a seven-story fireproof warehouse to contain twelve acres of floor space and to cost more than \$300,000. New industries at the harbor include chemical and munition plants now under construction to cost \$500,000. A grammar school has just been completed there at a cost of \$125,000. Wilmington has recently erected a plant for the extraction of potash at a cost of \$150,000.

## Three New Factories.

THREE of the factories that help to make up the \$12,000,000 outlay for new industries in the metropolitan district of Los Angeles during the past six months are sure to find a ready sale for their products as soon as they are put on the market. The American Can Company has spent \$500,000 on its new plant and equipment in the Vernon industrial district. It has a capacity of 2,000,000 cans a day. The California Tissue Mill now nearing completion in the same district is backed by New Jersey people and is intended to make tissue paper for wrapping oranges and lemons. The third is the California Orange Jelly Company. These all illustrate the importance of the fruit crops of the Great Southwest.

## Summer Schools.

SUMMER schools to the number of fourteen are now running full tilt in Los Angeles for a term of six weeks and with an attendance of 5000. Half of each day from 8 o'clock until 12 is given to school work, and the rest of the day is devoted to play, including outings. The Board of Education appropriated \$45,000 for the summer schools. A good deal of the work is in the shape of gardening, in which girls as well as boys take a prominent part. Other work is in the chemical laboratory, and many of those who study botany are given practical work in pollinating flowers.

## Los Angeles Street Property.

A SHORT generation ago Los Angeles street stopped at First, and all below there was devoted to vineyards and walnut groves. About that time a farmer from Oregon came to the city and secured a tract of land on the line of Los Angeles street down about Sixth or Eighth. Then came Mr. Washburn with his electric railroad, and Los Angeles street was opened up to Thirteenth and the little cars ran down there and turned on Pico street, going out to Pico Heights. The houses the Webfoot built would cost at most \$1000 each, and the lots were not worth half that sum. Things have moved in Los Angeles since then, and a week ago a lot on the northeast corner of Eighth and Los Angeles streets with a frontage of 110 feet on Los Angeles street was sold for \$175,000. All around this site are wholesale establishments and manufacturing concerns of great importance.

## France in California.

MRS. J. C. DANIELS is about to erect a residence in Pasadena overlooking the Arroyo Seco. This, when it is finished, will be one of the many show places around Los Angeles, and will attract attention from all beholders. The plan of the main house is to resemble pretty closely a French chateau of the old time. It will be 114 feet in length, with an average depth of 36 feet. It is to go on an ample site of five acres of irregular shape which will lend great possibilities to landscape gardening. The total investment is to be about \$65,000.

## Money for Railroads.

THE Salt Lake Railroad Company is planning improvements for this year to cost \$1,318,000. These will include a number of betterments on the Los Angeles division, 100 miles of which is to be relaid with ninety-pound rails. A block signal system is now being installed between here and Riverside and new bridges constructed across the Rio Hondo at Newmark and across the Mojave River between Daggett and Yermo. The Pasadena branch is to be relaid with seventy-five-pound rails, and a ninety-foot reinforced concrete bridge is to be constructed at Calliente.

Another railroad project taking place is one aiming to abolish grade crossings and to relieve the streets of Los Angeles of congestion. Three roads are interested in this, the Southern Pacific, the Salt Lake and the Pacific Electric. The Pacific Electric has been engaged in securing rights of way by which the overhead road will be extended to Alameda street and eventually across the river. When the road crosses the river it will take a course northerly, also by an overhead track, which will carry the cars as far as Covina Junction. The Southern Pacific and the Salt Lake are planning changes which will involve an interchange of track and terminal accommodations which will not only benefit the lines themselves but will help to forward the Pacific Electric plans.

## Largest Winery.

THAT was news to the world, when the Italian Vineyard Company's winery near Ontario was destroyed early in July by fire, which announced that it was the largest winery in the world. The loss was about \$500,000. Fortunately the property was well insured. This winery is in the midst of an immense vineyard, the largest in the world, too, stretching along the mesa which less than thirty years ago was considered a desert. The Italian colony which owns and oper-

ates the winery as well as the vineyard came from the southern slopes of the Alps and were wise enough to see the value of this neglected property. They began buying up land for about \$5 an acre or less.

## New Ship Line.

THE great European war has disconcerted commerce on the ocean in every part of the world. These conditions have suggested the incorporation of the Los Angeles, Mexico and Pacific Steamship Company. The concern is capitalized for \$200,000 for the purpose of building oil-burning vessels equipped with Diesel engines. The first ships will be operated between Los Angeles, Mexican and Central and South American ports. The enterprise is backed by a large number of manufacturers and wholesalers in the city of Los Angeles who find their commerce interfered with greatly by the lack of ships to carry the stuff to foreign lands.

## Footprints of Progress.

LONG BEACH is planning a bond election involving \$850,000.

Contracts have been let at Anaheim for two important pieces of paving.

The Masons at the Los Angeles Harbor have laid the corner-stone of a temple to cost \$30,000. The harbor people propose a storm drain to cost \$100,000.

By the transfer of copper properties near Jerome, Ark., of the Hull Copper Company and the Cleopatra Copper Company, to the United Verde Company, the purchasing concern secures important water rights and considerable property within the town of Jerome at a cost of about \$1,000,000.

After years of discussion the city of Venice has let the contract for a bulkhead to cost \$125,000.

The Queen and Crescent route is about to establish an agency in Los Angeles to secure some of the business between this Coast and the East.

The House Public Buildings Bill carries appropriations for California amounting to \$1,625,000.

The American Beet Sugar Company has agreed to pay a bonus of 50 cents a ton to growers for beets delivered during the campaign.

The Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county has practically decided to recommend Engineer Mulholland to let contracts for the purchase of irrigation pipe for the San Fernando Valley to cost \$714,000.

The Patterson Ranch Company in Ventura county reports the sale of sixteen acres of lima-bean land at \$30,000.

While the crop of apples in the whole country is reported to be short, the crop of the Yucaipa Valley is exceedingly heavy. Hundreds of acres of new orchard are just coming into bearing there, and the trees are loaded with beautiful red apples.

Near Bryn Mawr, H. O. Meade of Brawley has purchased fifty acres of land to establish truck farms.

Down in Orange county all the five big sugar factories have been thoroughly overhauled and put into perfect condition for the sugar-making campaign. The Los Alamitos sugar factory expects to handle 90,000 tons of beets this year.

The city of Covina is agitating the purchase of its waterworks for about \$75,000.

A contract has been let at Sawtelle for the improvement of Santa Monica boulevard at a cost of \$70,820.84.

## For Los Angeles Harbor.

THE Rivers and Harbors bill has been finally passed by both houses of Congress and sent to the President for his signature. As the bill goes to the President in its amended form, Los Angeles Harbor will get \$500,000. Then there is \$75,000 for the maintenance of the harbor contained in the bill. Other parts of the Southwest fare pretty well, Gila River near Yuma getting \$14,000, and San Diego Harbor \$200,000.

## A New Railroad.

THE old Glendale and Montrose railroad has been transferred to the Great Western Improvement Company of San Francisco. This road gives the people in the valley railroad connection between Eagle Rock and Glendale and Montrose and La Crescenta.

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# THE KLONDIKE AS IT IS SEEN TODAY.

After the Great Rush. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## Gathering the Gold.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS AND WHERE IT CAME FROM—THE WHITE RIVER CHANNEL AND ITS GOLD-BEARING HILLS—QUEER FEATURES OF GOLD MANUFACTURE—STEAM VEE US JACK FROST—FORTUNES IN LOW-GRADE GOLD MINING.

### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

**D**AWSON (Yukon Territory).—You have all heard of the Klondike, the treasure cave of Jack Frost in this far-away land of the North, where gold dust and gravel and boulders are cemented together by perpetual ice. You know of the thousands who rushed here a few years ago, and of the hundreds who went back loaded with gold. You may have heard how the district has produced gold by the ton, and how within ten years after its discovery the output footed up more than one hundred millions of dollars. That was the

of the creeks in great furrows thirty feet deep, until they are now as bare and as dreary as any part of the Sahara. The two corporations which have done most of this work are the Yukon Gold Company, commonly known as the Guggenheims, and Joseph W. Boyle, Ltd., or the Mining Company of the Canadian Klondike. Each of these is a great gold manufacturing proposition, which is different from any other in the mining camps of the world. In this letter I shall treat of the Yukon Gold only. A Ride Through the Valley.

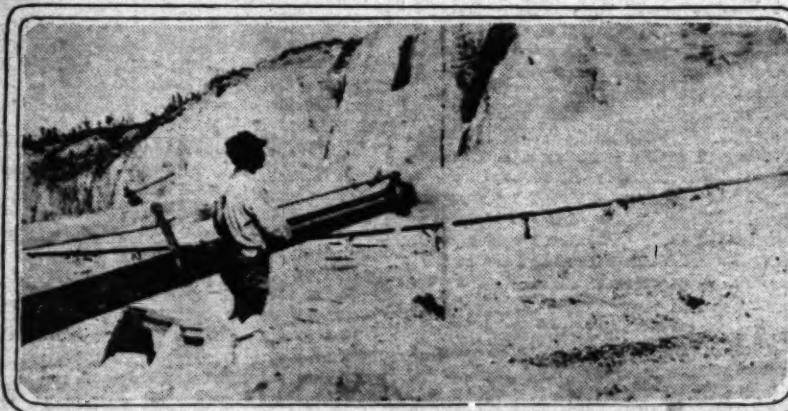
But let me give you some pictures of the Klondike of today. I took a ride up the valley this afternoon with Chester A. Thomas, the resident manager of the Yukon Gold Company. We had a high-powered automobile, and flew up the Klondike Valley, winding our way in and out through great piles of debris. We rode along Bonanza and Eldora creeks, which have

year. The most of the profits are made in the open season of 170 days, and then the work is shut down until the next summer. In addition to the ice of the present is that of the far distant past. In other placer mining regions the earth and rock are free from frost. The gold is sprinkled through them and you have only to dig and wash to get the gold out. Here the whole country, with the exception of a foot or so at the surface, is one mass of ice mixed with boulders, pebbles and sand that has been perpetually frozen for thousands of years. Its condition dates back to the ice age of the prehistoric past. The ice goes down to no one knows where. They have sunk diamond drills in some places to a depth of 300 feet and found the frozen earth solid all the way through. The gravel is bedded in the ice, and the ice, sand and earth remain as hard as stone, no matter how hot the summer. The conglomerate or frozen mixture is covered by a thin bed of

mercury which catches the gold. The dredges will handle something like 5,000,000 tons of material this year, and the amount of gold saved will be several millions of dollars.

### Difficulties Met.

Before any such work can be done Jack Frost must be taken out of the ground to be mined. The dredges cannot work in frozen rock, and the difficulties of the ice strata are far greater for them than they were for the individual miners. In the first mining of the Klondike the perpetual ice really aided the men by saving the trouble of timbering. They could dig down through it to where the great pockets lay, and then drift off along the bedrock, thawing only the strata that contained the most of the gold. The frozen earth was as firm as so much solid rock and they were able to work without the wooden supports necessary to hold up the roofs of the mines of other



Washing the hills with hydraulic giants.



Klondike Valley in 1916 showing dredge tailings.

Klondike of the past. I write of the Klondike of today.

The first gold came from large pockets. The icy earth was thawed down to bedrock with wood fires, and the yellow grains dragged forth with pick and shovel and the sweat of man's brow. It took rich dirt to pay for the labor, and when the cream had been skimmed the individual miners left almost in a body. Then the new Klondike began, which continues in the Klondike of today. Companies with millions of capital brought in the latest of mining machinery. They thawed the ice with steam points and forced electricity to dredge the gold-bearing gravel from the depths of the earth and wash it to get out the gold. They turned the course of rivers and carried them in pipes over the mountains to wash down the hills. They handled millions of tons of material, but each ton has yielded a few grains of pure gold, and altogether they have produced almost as much wealth as came forth in its first ten years by the work of the individual miners.

### Destructive.

The mining of the present is more destructive than than of the past. The fires of Sodom and Gomorrah left paths no more marked than the tracks of the dredges and the hydraulic giants. They have walked over some of the most beautiful parts of the world, and left them the abomination of desolation.

Twenty years ago there was no more beautiful valley on earth than that of the Klondike. It was bordered by grass-covered hills that rolled over one another, rising here and there to far above the height of the Blue Ridge. Both hills and valleys were covered with woods. In the open spaces the grass reached to your knees or your waist, and there were wild flowers everywhere. As soon as the gold was discovered men began to chop down the trees. Lumber was worth \$100 and upward a thousand, and little pine logs brought \$3 each. The miners thawed their way into the gravel, and defaced the landscape with piles of half-frozen muck. A little later the dredgers came in and turned the land upside down. They stripped off the surface of grass and stumps, and plowed the beds

been dredged from one end to the other, and along the sides of mountains where they are now sluicing down the bed of the famous White River Channel. The whole way was through a mass of gravel, rock and earth washings. The beds of the rivers and creeks have been plowed in great furrows many feet high. There are places where miles of boulders, pebbles and broken rock seem to flow in a mighty stream, like that of a glacier, down the mountains that rise from the valley. Streams of water as big around as the thigh of a man are shooting out of pipes with such a force that they hit the icy gravel at 100 pounds to the inch, and that notwithstanding it is several hundred feet from the pipe mouth to the hill. In other places the water drops from the top of the mountain, washing down the ice-melting earth, the whole giving one the impression that a mighty cloudburst has torn down the hills, and that avalanches of earth slides have filled up the valleys.

The excavation that has been done in the Klondike has been surpassed only by that of our great canal at Panama. The work is still going on. The Guggenheims have, on the famous gold creeks, nine dredges which are tearing nature to bits to get out the 60 cents' worth of gold still locked up in each ton of their rock and sand. They have a dozen hydraulic giants which are melting and gouging the hills to save the 10 to 20 cents' of gold in each wagon load of the old White River Channel. At Juneau I saw them handling ore worth \$1.50 to the ton, and it seemed wonderful that it could be done at a profit. Here they are taking out 20 cents' worth of gold to the ton, and the cost is so low that it pays. The amount of gold dust in each ton is as small as the pinch of snuff which your grandmother drew up her nose, and it is evenly mixed through as much sand as two horses can haul on a wagon. Still they can sluice down the sand so that every atom of that pinch of gold dust is saved.

### Too Cold for Work.

I despair of making you appreciate the difficulties of mining in the icy land of the North. The winters are so cold that the Yukon Gold Company cannot work its machinery for more than seven months of the



On one of the Guggenheim dredges Chester A. Thomas at the left.



Thawing the earth with steam points.

muck, on the top of which grows a layer of arctic moss, the two forming an insulator that preserves the frozen conditions beneath. It is only when the moss and muck are stripped off that the hot summer sun makes any impression on the glacial ice cap below.

It is sprinkled through this ice, earth and rock that the gold values lie. There is a little not far from the surface, but the most of the gold is at bedrock, which may be thirty, forty or fifty feet down. The frozen earth has to be thawed out, inch by inch, foot by foot, in such a way that it can be swallowed by the dredges that gulp it down at the rate of twenty-six bites to the minute and at about one-third of a ton to the bite. They take up the stuff in great buckets, which run on an endless chain, and throw it into revolving screens. These screens roll the rock over and over and sift out the gold-bearing sand. They take away the pebbles and great boulders and turn the sand out upon plates covered with

parts of the world.

The dredges have to have all the earth free from frost. The region they work must be thawed down to forty or fifty feet from the surface, and that in great blocks as big as a house, before the excavation can even begin.

The methods of thawing the earth have been reduced to a science. The first miners used wood fires, which they kept burning until they had thawed a shaft down to the gold. Other fires were then built along the bedrock and the earth taken out until they had made great caverns and tunnels far down under the thirty or forty feet of ice overhead. They used hot stones to aid in the thawing and took out the melted material in wheelbarrows and carried it in buckets to the surface by windlasses, like an old-fashioned well sweep.

### The Newer Process.

The thawing of today is done by steam generated in great boilers on the top of the



THE MENDELIAN LAW AND BREEDING. Science and the Fancy. By Henry W. Kruckeberg. Los Angeles Times

There will be a chapter on showing birds, with full directions as to how the best exhibition birds are produced, how they are fitted for the show-room and exhibited to the best advantage; also the treatment they should receive when they return from the show. The same method of treatment will follow each breed. The first book to be published will be on the Plymouth Rocks, and will at once be followed by one on the Wyandottes and one on the Leghorns. We feel sure that the series will be found of service quite as much to the fancier as to the commercial breeder.

An Opportune Time to Buy.

It is not generally known, but during the midsummer season is a good time to buy breeding stock and young pullets. It is the time of year when poultrymen commence to "size up" their old and young stock with a view to cutting it down to the actual numbers they will want to carry over. This always eliminates a certain number of fowl of both sexes and of different ages, some going to the market while others are disposed of as breeding stock. This custom or practice leads to bargains, especially where breeders are crowded for room and want to cut down the daily feed bills, while at the same time the beginner and the person desiring to strengthen his flock is afforded an opportunity to do so under decidedly favorable conditions. In this connection, consult the liner advertisements of The Sunday Times, and the chances are you will find just what you want.

Summer-purchased stock should be well housed and intelligently cared for, so there will be no impediment to their natural robust development. See to it that they have plenty of shade, wholesome feed, not omitting the green food, plenty of pure water and sanitary quarters. With these things carefully observed you should be successful with your new acquisitions.

A Veteran on Double Mating.

I. K. Felch, fifty-one years breeder, fancier and judge, gives vent to his opinion on the double-mating system in the following trenchant English: "Nature is the only law we should recognize; single matings the only matings to be tolerated. When both males and females cannot be secured from a single pair, the standard description should be condemned and changed. To be standard, a breed or variety should produce from a single mating 60 per cent. of progeny that will score 90 to 95 points in every case where a truly valuable strain has been established by proper selection and careful mating. To describe both males and females that will allow this to be done is the only method that should be tolerated in our standard, for the best good of the greatest number."

Correct you are. Restore common sense, even at the expense of a little high art, and, our word for it, the Brown Leghorn and other parti-colored breeds will again become as popular as the single or self-colored plumaged varieties. If the standard cannot be changed, then modify the requirements, suspend the rules and allow the modification to "stand" in the show-room. Do it. Fecundity and Size.

Some time ago reference was made in these columns to the possible relation of size of a breed to fecundity. It was observed in the series of egg-laying contests in Australia that prolificness in a few generations seemed to reduce the size of the bird. So pronounced was this that a standard size had to be introduced in order to check this reduction in weight. How long this would have continued does not matter, though we might have had a race of bantam Leghorn egg-layers, which, persistently bred, would eventually "run out." All of which goes to show that other factors must be considered as well as the good old laying habit. It is our judgment that standard weights in breeds should be maintained, and that if this is done the progeny of even good layers will maintain size. Many of our White Leghorn hens and pullets with good productiveness impress us as being rather small. There can be no ultimate profit in prolificness if weight, stamina and vigor are not also maintained. Give us the bird that has sufficient reserve power to go on the mat, hold its own from generation to generation without any sacrifices as to size, vigor and breeding qualities, even though the progeny will not register up in the 200-egg class in the laying contest. Do you agree with the proposition?

Food Units of Beef and Eggs.

Reference has been made off and on in

these columns touching on the food value of eggs, but rarely have we seen it better expressed than by Dr. Wiley, who is quoted as saying that there is more energy and food value in a pound of eggs, which is eight medium-sized eggs, than there is in a pound of lean beef. In one pound of eggs there are 729 food units. In a pound of lean beef there are 580 food units. By further comparison with various articles of food that are considered most valuable, we learn that a pound of eggs contains from 25 to 100 per cent. more food units than a pound of any of the following: Fish, 350 units; milk, 325; potatoes, 385; beans, 633; and peas, 465.

Caught on the Wing.

During 1915 there was received in New York City from the West and South 6834 carloads of live poultry.

One feeding and fattening station in Kansas City has a capacity of 40,000 fowls at one time.

According to the secretary of the State Market Commission, there are in Northern California something like 10,000 men and women breeding poultry. Add to this the number similarly engaged south of the Tehachep, and we should have something like 20,000 fanciers and breeders in the State.

In spite of the present volume of output in eggs and carcass in this State we still import poultry products at certain times of year. Last season the quantity was 435 carloads of eggs and 75 carloads of table poultry.

Anent our contention for the single matings in parti-colored birds (see Times Illustrated Weekly for July 8) a delegate to the coming convention writes that if the American Poultry Association really wants to do something useful at its next convention, it should find some way to eliminate as much as possible the necessity for double matings, which is such a handicap to so many of the parti-colored varieties.

Maj. Howze's Feat.

[Boston Transcript:] The record of Light Horse Harry Lee, of Marion and his men, of Sheridan and Stuart, of Pleasanton and Forrest and Mosby, all exponents and ornamenters of the hard and far-riding and fast-fighting history of American cavalry, are recalled, if they are not surpassed, by the feat of Maj. Robert L. Howze and his flying squadron of picked men of the Eleventh Cavalry. Not only did those sturdy soldiers penetrate farthest south in Mexico, but they rode, under the hardest conditions, 570 miles in twenty-one days, over Mexican mountains, across arroyos and chasms, and through parched deserts.

It is true that Stuart and his Virginians once rode eighty miles in twenty-seven hours, but they did not keep that up for three weeks, and the country over which they rode was a park lawn compared with the mountains and deserts that Howze has been traversing. Moreover, Stuart's horses and men were hardened by two years of campaigning and fighting. The brilliant record of the Howze squadron proves that neither American soldiers nor American horses have degenerated since the Civil War days.

The material for daring deeds, for the endurance of privation and exposure, for subsisting and fighting and toiling on a biscuit or a sweet potato per diem, is all here still. That is one of the things that we need not worry about in our campaign for national preparedness. Who will say that such heroism and endurance should not be loyally supported by the resources and the honor of the whole American nation?

Perils of the Candidate.

[Hayward Correspondent Enid Events:] Blaine Tobin says his father had a runaway last Saturday. Four horses took fright at a man who had white pants on. The man was climbing over the barbed wire fence to see father; as he came up the horses took fright and ran away with the reaper. Father stayed on the reaper and steered them for the barn. Joe Porter drove out on that day to see Tobin respecting his candidacy for Court Clerk. Seeing the horses with the reaper galloping toward the house, probably Joe thought the old man was going to the house for his gun. He took fright and ran away.

Story of a Wild Cat Scheme.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

armed to the teeth, kept step with the procession. "Stopping at the side of the baggage car, Scott's companion rose and waved back the crowd, which was now gathering rapidly, and two of the armed men dismounted and loaded the sacks into the front end of the baggage car, while the other two and their leader stood guard. Everything went off like clock-work. The train crew were at their places, and when the last sack was laid in its place, the promoter, the outlaw and I jumped into the apartment with the bulky bags, and the engine pulled out with a leap. Glancing back after we were under good headway, I saw the reporter on the opposition paper coming to the depot on the run.

"Scott and the outlaw settled down on the ore-sacks near each other with their rifles across their laps, and I found a box near the partition. As the train bumped along the tortuous track, occasional flashes of the red desert sunshine played upon the features of my companions. A hard life had written itself indelibly upon each face, in the deep, ragged lines of one, I saw outlawry—deadly conflicts with men and the officers of the law, narrow escapes from justice and sleepless nights of hunger and cold among the desolate wastes of the world; while in the other was failure, equally signal, though the effort had not been so hazardous. The one had lived at the butt of his gun, while the other had been sustained through fraud and deceit.

"They sat in silence for long intervals. But from their glances now and then out on the baked desert on the one side and up the barren mountains on the other, and the mutual looks when their eyes met, there appeared to be an understanding between them which did not need vocal expression.

"The track followed the line where desert and mountain met for more than twenty miles in order to pass through a canyon which divided the mountain ranges. In fact, it practically made a circuit by which at the end of an hour's run we had returned within three miles of the starting point, though on the opposite side of the mountain. As we were approaching the canyon, Scott rose and staggered with the swaying train to my side.

"Keep your nerve; it is about to come off—you are in no danger," he assured me.

"Don't worry about me—I've traveled before," I replied, not comprehending the meaning of his assurance.

"After he had seated himself again near the bandit, I noted that he was in a high state of nervousness and that the outlaw was glaring at him with disgust. I attributed the promoter's condition to the high rate of speed at which the train was running. It was bounding and twisting along the crooked track like a wounded snake. But as it slowed up in the canyon, the promoter was more collected. Then I saw the outlaw rise and begin to adjust his weapons.

"We take water here," he said with an assuring glance at the promoter.

"Scott gripped his rifle and set his teeth firmly. We were coming to a standstill, and I rose to look out. But with a lunge forward, like a horse suddenly lashed with a whip, the train dashed on and I was hurled to the floor in a heap. Before I could rise a dozen shots rang out on either side of the car, which was now gaining ground with every throb of the engine. By a sheer glance, as we flew by the water tank, I saw two masked men pumping away with their rifles in the direction of the locomotive. Two other riflemen were equally busy on the other side. But it lasted for a few seconds only. We were soon out of gunshot range, leaving a fog of desert dust in our wake. Neither of my companions fired a shot.

"Well, I'll be —!" finally drawled the promoter.

"The bungling fools didn't wait for the train to stop, and that crazy engineer got sight of them and opened his throttle," growled the outlaw.

"We reached another water tank shortly after dark, and the engineer afterwards said that we were none too soon, emphasizing the statement with the remark that the boiler was as dry as a prohibition village. Our train came to a stop on a high trestle while the engine was taking water, and my companions got busy. They began dumping the heavy bags overboard with a rush, and before the train started the last

such has splashed into the water below and the bandit and J. Ronald Scott lowered themselves to the trestle and disappeared in the darkness. In his haste Scott left his rifle behind.

"We received orders at the next station to return to camp. Upon examination next day it was found that there was not a bullet mark on the engine cab, and when the magazine of Scott's rifle was emptied its contents proved to be blank cartridges. We held the story until the water-hole was dragged and the ore-bags were recovered."

"And then?" inquired the water-front reporter.

"We didn't run the story."

"Why?"

"Because the sacks contained only desert rock."

"What did the other paper do?" asked the police reporter.

"Nothing—just told how we had entered into a wild scheme with J. Ronald Scott; how we had framed up to have the rock taken by the robbers, play it up as high-grade, and then flood the market with worthless stock."

Solitude and a Man.

[Collier's:] Here is a concrete example. Back in 1847 a young fellow named Donald Smith was sent to take charge of an isolated fur-trading post in the interior of desolate Labrador. It was a terrible place: blizzard-swept in winter, tormented by midges and mosquitoes through the short hot summer—the sort of place where a modern novelist's hero turns to brandy and ends with suicide. Smith was there twenty years. He read books, learned the country, built up an experiment farm that excited the admiration of the Smithsonian Institution, saved money, and started the career that ended two years ago in Westminster Abbey. Donald Smith became Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and his place in history is secure as one of the great builders of our modern North America. It all began in the unlikelyst place imaginable, that lost fur store in the wilds of Labrador, and Smith tells us the secret in his own words:

"People speak of the solitude of Labrador. It wasn't a solitude for me. I knew everybody there, from the oldest white traders and fishermen to the youngest Indian hunters and Eskimos, and even their dogs I knew every turn in the coast line and bend in the river, and every natural object had an interest for me. As for ennui, I can honestly say I did not know the meaning of the term. Time never hung heavily on my hands. I was always busy, and when I had no actual and definite task I was planning."

Men of that sort are the makers of the world.

Such Expressions As These Are Heard Almost Daily

"Everything looks so natural," "I can see perfectly," "I never had things appear so plainly to me," "Why didn't my other glasses do that before?" "My eyes feel so good, too," "For years I have not been able to see with my left eye and now I can read with it," "No blurring now," "This seems to take the strain from my eyes," "I never thought I could see so plainly," "Such a relief and my glasses look well, too." Such are the expressions I hear daily. They are spoken voluntarily and there's a reason, too—knowledge, skill, ability, experience, preparedness and careful, painstaking work bring forth such expressions daily in my work in caring for the eyes. More than half the people who are wearing glasses do not know real eye comfort and good vision. They can perhaps see better with their glasses than without them, but they could see a great deal better with properly fitted ones. Still, many go along without knowing there is something better for them. I meet with them daily. My records show that I have improved the visions of more than 90 per cent. of those whom I have examined and I prove it to them by their own eyes—proof so positive that they cannot doubt it. Can more convincing proof be offered?

YOU MAY HAVE DEFECTIVE VISION I will examine your eyes and prove to you and by you that I can make you see better. Not only see better now, but by having your eyes properly corrected, you will preserve the sight you now have. No extra charge for examination nor will I use drugs in the eyes for examining them. I have had an experience of



NINETEEN YEARS IN LOS ANGELES

and my success is due to doing good conscientious work. I look after your glasses until the finished product is delivered to you and see that they are properly adjusted so you will get all the benefits to which you are properly entitled. The purpose in wearing glasses is to not only see better now but to conserve the sight you now have for future years. An Oculist's examination is what you want and insist upon having it. The spectacle peddler, the store clerk or others may have a right to sell you glasses, but can you afford to wear them? Headaches, temple pains, nervousness and other troubles are many times caused by involuntarily straining the eyes. Still many people continue "doping" themselves for relief, not suspecting the real cause is due to their eyes. Settle the question for yourself. Have an Oculist's examination.

C. A. Hopkins M.D. Suite 234 Laughlin Building 315 South Broadway. Hours: 9 to 4. Also Wed. and Sat. Even. 6 to 7:30.



The stream is carried through pipes to where needed, and forced into the earth through steel tubes three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and from ten to thirty feet long. These tubes are really galvanized iron pipe about as big around as my thumb, and, stood upon end, the longest would reach to the roof of a three or four-story house. Each tube has a hard metal cap or steel head on top, and below this an opening where the connection with the main steam pipe is made. The bottom of the tube is pointed, and the steel there is so strong that the tube can be driven down into the earth.

The driving is done with the tube standing upright on the ground. It is usually inside a derrick which is often as tall as that of an oil well. A man stands on the derrick holding a sledge hammer weighing twelve pounds, and with this he drives the steam-carrying pipe, inch by inch, through the earth. The steam melts the ice as it goes down, and a second man stands at the bottom and twists the pipe this way and that to aid in the work. After a long time bedrock is reached and the tube is left there for two or three days oozing forth steam.

The tubes are so sunk that each softens the frozen earth for a radius of three or more feet around it, and these circles of melting six feet in diameter come together, making the whole of the ground so that it can be worked by the dredges. Hundreds of such pipes have to be sunk, and all are connected by other pipes with the steam-forcing plant. In places the pipes are so thick they stand out on the back of old Mother Earth like the quills on a porcupine. They soften the earth so that it is dangerous to walk over it until it has cooled. The ground may seem solid, when all at once a man may drop to his knees or his waist in scalding mud. The work of thawing is done by skilled men, some of whom receive from \$7 to \$10 a day.

Leaving the dredging, I rode along the sides of the mountains where they were sluicing down the icy sand to get out the gold. Here the sun and the water alone do the thawing. After the earth is stripped off the sun's rays can make their way into the strata of ice to such an extent that in one summer they will penetrate to a distance of from six to ten feet. The water dashing against the half-frozen earth adds to the thawing, and the sand and boulders roll down in great streams. The amount sluiced away is inconceivable. There are parts of these valleys that are half filled with great sheets of white tailings. They spread out like so many glaciers, leaving here and there great caves in the hills.

The earth thus washed down is the color of pipe clay. Some of it looks like Portland cement as it lies in the barrel. The sand is white quartz, and the boulders and pebbles are almost like slacked lime in color. The gold is scattered throughout this material, the most of it lying at the bottom. The sluicing tears down the hills, leaving gigantic formations, which in some places are like forts or great castles. I saw one such as big as a business block of twenty stories; it covered a half square of ground. Its walls were perpendicular, and at the top were spires like those of a church. It was almost snow white and in the distance looked not unlike marble.

**White Silt and Gravel.**

The whiteness of the silt and gravel is a characteristic of the bed of the famous White River Channel, which flowed through this region in prehistoric times at an altitude several hundred feet above the present beds of the creeks. The streams of later ages have cut their way down through the old river bottom, and are now running through valleys far below. It is in what is left of the banks of the old White River bed that the low-grade gold dust washed out by the hydraulics is found. The old river probably carried all the gold now found in the creeks far below, and they are now sluicing down its former banks to get the gold dust remaining. How long ago the old river flowed no one knows. The miners have discovered fossils of tropical plants, showing that it antedated the glacial period, and they wash out now and then the remains of mastodons and other prehistoric animals which until now have been locked up in the perpetual ice.

In getting the gold the water washes the sand and gravel down into sluice boxes filled with steel riffles bedded in mercury. As the stuff runs over the riffles the quicksilver catches the gold, and the rock and sand only go on to the tailings below.

Some of the gold sinks into the pit at the foot of the sluicing and does not get into the boxes until the clean-up of the fall, when a quarter of a million dollars may be found in the gravel and sand at the foot of the cliff. Something like 3,000,000 cubic yards of earth is handled this way by the hydraulic giants each year, and this brings out gold to the amount of over \$600,000. The average gold contents of the gravel is in the neighborhood of 20 cents per cubic yard, and of this one-half is said to be profit.

As we rode up the valleys I asked Mr. Thomas whether they were able to win all the gold. He replied:

"We may lose a cent or two to the ton, but the amount is so small that we are unable to tell just what it is. The stuff that goes through the dredges may at times yield 60 cents a yard, and there may be patches that will run \$5 per yard or more. We work only in large quantities, and we know what our averages are."

I asked as to the amount of material handled, and was told that within the last eight years more than 40,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock had been washed away by the dredges and hydraulic giants, the output being about 5,000,000 cubic yards for each year. I then took my paper and figured. A cubic yard of this rock weighs about a ton and a half. It would be a good load for two horses. Let us suppose it could be put upon wagons and each team with its wagon take thirty feet space on the roadway. The teams required to haul the whole mass would be 1,200,000,000 feet long, or, for easy figuring, at 5000 feet to the mile it would reach from here for a distance of 250,000 miles. It would be long enough to go ten times around the world at the equator, and if it could be started through space on a roadway of moonbeams it would extend all the way to that luminous body that makes our nights glorious, and still leave 10,000 miles of wagons to follow.

Up to the present time more than \$185,000,000 worth of gold has been taken out of the Klondike, and of that vast sum more than two-fifths has come from mining the low-grade earth with modern machinery. Mr. Thomas tells me that when he first came here to look into the country as a low-grade proposition for the Guggenheim Syndicate the crowd of fortune hunters had left, and the few still at work were barely making day wages. They were scattered up and down the valley, and the Yukon Gold Company could have then bought the right to the whole of the Klondike for a very small sum. It confined its purchases only to the richest of the gold-bearing creeks. It was then thought that dredges could not handle the heavy quartz boulders, found among the gravel, and at first stationary machines, consisting of ladders with endless buckets were employed to dig up the earth and get out the gold. Later the dredges were found to work well, and after a time was evolved the strong dredge-type that is now used here today.

The old miners threw away the values that are now being saved. Their way of testing the gold in a pan was by guess, and that after the earth had been washed off. One day Mr. Thomas showed an old miner a pan which he had just finished washing, and asked him what he thought it would run. The pan contained a few grains of gold dust and quite a little flour gold. The miner tilted the pan so that the grains ran to one side, and then took his thumb and scraped out the flour and threw it away. The stuff he threw out was just what Mr. Thomas was trying to save, and upon which all his calculations were based. Still the miner thought it worth nothing.

It has been in such nothings that the Yukon Gold Company has invested capital to the amount of \$17,000,000. It has dredging operations in Alaska and in other parts of the world. Right here in the Klondike, up to two years ago, it had taken out millions, and paid to its stockholders \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 in dividends. The profits of the plant here last year were more than \$1,000,000.

[Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

**Insect Activity.**

[Indianapolis News:] The insect world represents an unlimited field of life and activity. The number of insect species is greater by far than of the species of all other living creatures combined. Although more than 300,000 have been described, probably twice that number remain to be examined. Virtually all living animals, as well as most plants, supply food for these innumerable hordes.

**Sentinel Duty.**

AN EXACTING AND IMPORTANT PART OF MILITARY SERVICE.

BY EDWIN TARRISSE.

During the seventeenth century in France the office of sentinel was a very solemn charge, and a part of the sentinel's duty was to resent and punish any affront. The severity of this punishment was in proportion to the high importance of his office.

In 1662 M. de Marillac rode away on horseback from an audience with the King. His horse stepped on a sentinel's foot. The man struck the horse, which leaped forward and shook M. de Marillac in his saddle.

The rider turned and struck the sentinel. The soldier belonged to the company of M. de Goas, who, when he heard of this, had him arrested and imprisoned. He himself set out, sword in hand, to search for M. de Marillac to demand satisfaction for an insult to his sentinel.

The King was informed of the incident, and sent for M. de Goas and M. de Marillac. He reprimanded de Marillac severely, told him that the sentinel should have killed him, and forbade him to exercise his command as chief marshal for six days.

The sentinel was tried before a council of war, and was sentenced, as a penalty for not killing de Marillac, to be deprived of his arms in the presence of his regiment, and to be tortured by the strappado—that is, to be hoisted by a rope to a beam and let fall. The King pardoned the man, but M. de Goas would not have him in his company again.

The sternest ideal of military duty is fulfilled by the Russian soldier. An illustration is given by an English officer, who has seen service in the East. On leaving an Armenian village, he passed a green valley, watered by a river that flowed between strong embankments. His Armenian servant told him that, after a great storm the river had risen in such a flood that the persons living near the bank fled for their lives.

There was a powder magazine near the river. The sentinel who was guarding it prepared to retreat, but the officers who were watching the scene from a mountain forbade him to leave his post. For an hour the sentinel struggled against the rising waters, clinging desperately to the lock of the magazine.

The water rose to his chin, and then, when everything seemed blackest for him, the flood suddenly ceased. He was decorated by his government with the ribbon of an honorary order in recognition of his heroic obedience.

Another Russian soldier has some interesting things to tell of his experiences while a member of the Imperial guard, a corps composed entirely of picked men.

The Czar was constantly guarded, and there were so many court ceremonies and military or official functions whereat it was necessary to remain in rigidly correct position, sometimes for hours at a time, and often with the mercury below zero, clad in a uniform gorgeous but overtight and of an insufficient number of thicknesses, that it was often a question whether a man could maintain his post to the end without fainting or freezing.

Russian soldiers have since the days of Peter the Great enjoyed a reputation for military stolidity. If not precision, excelled only by the Germans. Yet there is recorded an instance of the admirable immobility of a soldier of the more excitable French. Nor was he one of the famous old guard of the great Napoleon, but instead a mere palace guard of "Napoleon the Little," in the heyday of the ephemeral brilliance of the second empire.

He was posted on guard in a corridor of the court, where he stood so perfectly still that the Prince Imperial, then a child, was seized with an impish desire to stir him to human behavior, and, in the hope of doing so, poured the contents of a bag of sugar-plums suddenly into his boot. The man never moved, nor so much as lowered his eyes.

When, the second day, the story was told to the Empress she laid a wager with Colonel Verly, to whose regiment the stolid hero belonged, that she would succeed where her son had failed. The Colonel escorted her to the corridor, where she walked up to the man and endeavored by every means, except, of course, direct address, to which it would have been his duty to respond,

to attract his attention. It was quite in vain. He remained unregarding, respectfully rigid, and as if turned to stone. Moreover, she observed Colonel Verly smiling at her discomfiture. It was too much. With characteristic impetuosity, she stepped close to the sentinel and boxed his ears. Not a muscle moved.

The Colonel had won his wager. The Empress afterward sent the man a handsome compensation for the cuff he had received, but he refused to accept it, declaring—and there spoke the true Frenchman, after all—that he had already been sufficiently compensated by the touch of his sovereign lady's hand on his cheek.

The soldiers of our Continental Army could fight, as John Bull found out; but they had small regard for discipline—natural enough, perhaps, in men in whom the idea of personal independence was so strong—and if one is to credit the local stories of the time there were some amusing clashes between officers and men.

It appears that the captain was not better than the private in the village from which they both came, and it was not strange that the private, when ordered by his superior officer to fetch a bucket of water from the spring, should retort: "Get it yourself. I got it this morning. It's your turn now."

Furthermore, it appears that this was not, in the view of the rank and file, insubordination, but merely the assertion of a proper spirit of manliness. Not infrequently, in the Civil War, it chanced that the private was a richer man than the officer, as in the case of Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, who, on several occasions, presented a fine horse to some colonel too poor himself to purchase such a mount.

An odd story is told of one soldier of this stamp, named Koch, who was well known in Philadelphia and who left a fortune of more than a million dollars. It fell to Koch's lot one night to be stationed sentinel over a baggage wagon. The weather was cold and wet. This set the sentinel to musing. After remaining on post for half an hour he called out: "Corporal of the guard!"

The corporal came and inquired what was wanted. Koch wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to the officer in command of the post. His wish was gratified and in a few minutes he stood in the presence of Gen. Macpherson.

"General," said he, "may I inquire what is the value of the wagon over which I am sentinel?"

"How should I know?" returned the general, testily. "Is that all you wish to know?"

"Beg pardon, general, but give me an approximate amount."

"Oh, well, a thousand dollars."

"In that case, general," responded Koch, "I will write a check for that amount and then I will go to bed."

**Mysterious Lake Baikal.**

The riddle of Lake Baikal, in Central Asia, is similar to that of Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa. In both cases a large body of fresh water, remote from the ocean, contains organisms apparently marine. Both lakes, again, contain a very large number of species not found elsewhere. Lake Baikal contains numerous salmon and seals, as well as three species of herring. It also contains a few Mollusca of apparently marine form.

One of the most remarkable features of the lake, perhaps, is that, although it is frozen over for about five months in the year, the animal life is extremely abundant and varied. This may be partly accounted for, perhaps, by the existence of hot springs.

One of the latest attempts to answer the riddle of Lake Baikal is that of the Russian investigator, Berg. Of the thirty-three specimens of fish found in the lake he finds that fourteen are peculiar to it, while nineteen have a wide distribution in Siberia and Europe.

Many of these peculiar species are without near relations anywhere. Of the Mollusca, 90 per cent. are peculiar.

It is not thought that the facts demand the hypothesis that the lake was once marine. It is believed that it has always been fresh and that the fauna peculiar to it have had a twofold origin. A part has originated in the lake itself during the long ages of its existence, and the rest is a portion of a prehistoric fresh water fauna of Siberia which it has preserved.

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Illustrated Weekly. For America's Times. Story of a Wild Cat Scheme. (Continued from page eleven.)

# THE MENDELIAN LAW AND BREEDING.

Science and the Fancy. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## Mendelism in the Breeding Yard.

ON REQUEST Alice Harper, a regular reader of The Times Illustrated Weekly, has furnished the following short note on Mendelism, a subject that has attracted advanced students in plant and animal breeding both at home and abroad, but principally in England and America. We believe some experimental work has been done in the observation of the Mendelian law among the student plantmen; there has also been an isolated case or two with poultry. On the whole these have, in so far as the writer knows, never been fully carried out. To the fancier with some leisure as well as means it affords a wide field for scientific research. It is to be hoped that what is here presented will lead some one or more of our readers interested in biology to give the subject consideration with a view to working out some of the problems involved.

Mendelism recognizes a hen as an aggregate of characters expressed in a feathered mass of flesh and blood. She gets her characters from her parents in a hand-down of heredity. Heredity puts things into the fowl-mill, and all the things of both parents mix in the life of the grind, and the chick is the product of the dominating characters. The hen is the mature chick able to put the characters she carries into somatic cells, and the cock-bird a mature chick carrying other characters of the same parents to somatic cells. The characters which conquer in the life mill are called dominants, and those which are conquered are called recessives. The hen and the cock-bird are mass-bearers of both dominant and recessive characters, and what we see in a bird is not all the bird possesses and will prove able to transmit to progeny.

The only way to tell what a bird carries via heredity is to breed and watch it expressed in the chicks. The character which expresses in a first generation is a dominant, but the recessive which is suppressed is not killed in the chick, and will show up in the next generation of the same chicks. Mendelism has shown by experiments that heredity hands down characters in a mathematically nice law for procedure. One would never recognize the law while breeding so-called pure-breds, because he must read the law on what he sees. To breed pure-bred Black Leghorns, he would see only pure black chicks. If a white chick should show up he would wonder, if he did not know the Mendelian law. Knowing it, he would also know that one of his parent birds was not a pure-bred, but carried a recessive character for white color. This white chick might be an albino, and, if so, lack of pigment in the eye would express it. The white of Leghorns is gametic, and by Mendelian experiment we have learned that Leghorn white color is recessive to black. To read the law of heredity one must work with hybrids and what he can see in chicks. He must start with pure-breds to get a perfect reading of the law, and to get pure-breds fit for pure gametic coupling is not an easy thing to do. The first coupling may throw chicks that look pure to type, but these chicks must mature and be bred inter se to make sure no recessive character will show up. It is possible to miss a recessive character in this germination, due to some mishap in incubation. Studying the Mendelian law of heredity in hybrids makes one realize the meaning of a pure-bred, and how to value purity of type as a commercial benefit.

The breeding of Blue Andalusian fowls offers a conspicuous reading of the law. Select the finest blue pair possible, couple and incubate the eggs. The chicks will disappoint the novice, in not being all blue from pure-bred Andalusians. About a fourth will be black, a fourth a peculiar white, and the other half will be blue like the parents. The novice throws away the off-color ones and keeps very quiet about his supposed failure to get pure-bred parents, and hopes by good selection to breed up to a better standard. The fact is, all the birds may be pure-breds and he should not discard the "wasters." They are creditable as pure-breds and understandable if one knows the Mendelian law, or understandable as to color. Mature all the chicks and breed the blacks inter se, the whites inter se and the blues inter se. The blacks will throw all black chicks, the whites all white chicks, and the blues will throw the same confusion of col-



MODERN PILE GAME BANTAM COCK.

In type and color scheme of plumage, the Game Bantams are similar to the corresponding varieties in the large game classes, from which they undoubtedly originated after a long period of inbreeding. In pugnacity, courage and "bottom" the Game Bantam is the equal of the standard game. In type the different varieties are very much alike. The chief consideration when breeding is station, close feathering and stylish carriage. The Pile Game illustration shows a cock dubbed, an added feature for exhibition purposes. Bantams of many breeds and varieties are a pronounced feature in Southern California among poultry fanciers.

ored chicks as the original parents, or a fourth black, a fourth white, and the other half will be blue. The blacks and the whites breed true to color and the blues only one-half true, and none of these can breed true. Blue color in poultry is not a unit character in the gametes, and becomes one only in the zygote, where the coupling of black and white can make a dilute black or blue. Blue color in pigeons is a character in the gametes. When the Mendelian contemplates how to get blue color into the gametes of poultry, he realizes how mighty against him heredity is, and how opposed to receiving gifts from the outside. If one breeds the pure black Andalusian to the whitish Andalusian, he gets all blue chicks. He should breed his "wasters" to keep up fresh blue coloring in his fowls.

To recombine inherited characters is all the breeder is able to do, but the compound characters evolved may be of special value to the fancier. Such is the case with combs. A single comb mated to a pea comb throws chicks with all pea combs, but when these chicks mature and are bred inter se they throw about three pea comb chicks to one single. A recombination takes place in the third generation. Zygotic relations cannot register in heredity until they generate as gametes. This is one great point in Mendelism. The breeder should keep all the first generation of hybrids, and breed them inter se, keeping the families separate. In each family some will breed true to parent type, and are pure-breds; those which do not breed true never will. A single comb is always a recessive. A rose-comb mated to a pea-comb throws walnut comb every time in the first generation, and the only pure-bred having walnut comb is the Malay.

Many experiments have been carried on to determine the dominance of special characters, and the result of one experience is found to be that of all where the parent birds are pure for the characters tested. The law holds good. We start with pure birds and breed down, by recombination of inherited characters in somatic cells, to the novelties of the fancier watching Mendelian principles.

### Maintaining Production and Profits.

Like all divisions of rural industry, a poultry plant is successful in proportion to ing pen, nor are we wholly reconciled to

breeding pullets to cocks, and cockerels to hens, though it has advantages over the former. We like strong, robust, fully-matured hens mated to vigorous, alert and well-developed males, both to be from good strains. Give these intelligent care, a splendid environment under sanitary conditions, and the progeny should be virile and capable of producing offspring with a minimum of loss, of good type and productiveness. This, once secured and followed up annually, should maintain quality as well as quantity of poultry production, and so pave and maintain the way to success.

### A. P. A. Breed Standards.

It looks very much as though the breed standards which the American Poultry Association has had under consideration for the past three years will be published just after the forty-first annual meeting in Cleveland, O., during the month of August. These standards will carry all matter now found in the main standard which applies directly to the breed represented. This matter is to form an introduction to the subject, following which it is the intention to consider in illustrations and text all the important problems that relate to the breeding of each standard variety of the breed under consideration.

For example, in the Plymouth Rock standard, there is to be a complete historical review of the development of the breed and of the different varieties, fully illustrated. Double mating, line breeding, strain-building and numerous other intricate and puzzling questions that confuse and sometimes discourage the beginner are to be considered, and instructions for meeting these difficulties will be supplied in as plain and simple a manner as the subject will admit. Photos and pen drawings are to be used at every point where illustrations can be of assistance in making matters clear and easily understood.

There will be a special chapter on shape and how to breed for it, illustrated by numerous pen drawings and photos, which will show in greater detail than has ever before been attempted just what correct Plymouth Rock shape is in all important sections. Defective shape, also, is to be illustrated. Sample breeding pens will be shown, with suggestions of how to mate individuals to correct defects, especially those of type or

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HYGIENE FOR OUR TROOPS ON THE BORDER. Work of Medical Corps. By a Special Contributor.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND young men have been called from their homes into the new and difficult life of a soldier, exposed to some hardships and many forms of disease. Parents, relatives, wives and sweethearts are, as they recall the death record from typhoid and other contagions, wondering how these boys will fare along the Mexican border; whether, with other changes, hygienic conditions may not have been made better than they were in the Civil and the Spanish-American wars.

With a view to answering this question so close to the heart of many, and to answering it truly, the information given here has been sought and obtained from the most authentic sources; and not only are the statements believed to be correct, but nothing pertinent has been kept back.

The answer to the questioning parent is that all that skill and foresight on the part of the surgeon-general and his highly experienced and specialized staff and sanitary

things which, hygienically, they ought not to do. On a national call for the militia the guardsmen of a State concentrate in a camp in most instances previously selected, which they lay out, in a general way, under the direction of an officer detailed for the purpose from the regular army.

For the good of the men they are "shot" as soon as possible, not by a firing squad with bullets, but by the Medical Corps, with anti-typhoid vaccine, which makes them practically immune from that terrible scourge for two years or more. The administration of this treatment is harmless if the prophylaxis has been properly prepared, and beyond a slight listlessness for the first day or so the men, as a rule, suffer no inconvenience from the inoculation. The anti-typhoid vaccine used in the army is made at the Army Medical School laboratory and is the standard for the United States.

While the surgeon-general's division does

suffer from the cold, left their summer clothes, if they had any, at home, and took the men down there in wool.

Best Clothing Obtainable.

The War Department provides the best material money can buy, and has it made into two kinds of clothing, cotton for hot weather and wool for colder climates. It is quite safe to say that in the south they will wear clothing best suited to the climate.

A soldier whose feet become blistered and sore, so that he cannot march or drill properly, is worth much less than a whole soldier; but before the idea of preventive surgery had come into bloom a surgeon would send the man with a disabled foot to the hospital and cure it, but did not concern himself to find the cause of the trouble. Now he always seeks to do that, and by using "the ounce of prevention saves the pound of cure." The causes usually were ill-fitting

had to learn to walk again when I got out of them."

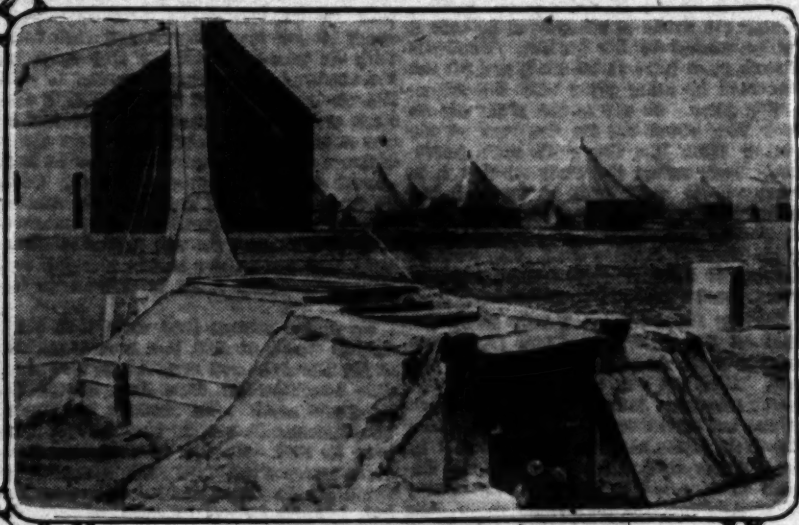
When the guardsmen become regulars they come under the jurisdiction of the surgeon-general's office, whose staff has made a study of sanitation, medicine and surgery, applied to all phases of military life. Its basic idea is that the men must be kept well and fit for duty; and everything else, for common sense and military reasons, is made subordinate to that end.

Weaklings Not Accepted.

If a recruiting officer does not have men physically fit to work upon they must be left out of the service; it is a case of "putting good wine into old bottles" to group a lot of weaklings with those boys who have to do the heavy work of marching and fighting. The physical examination before mustering the men into the service is no mere formality. The guardsmen are tested carefully to ascertain their organic soundness; and for



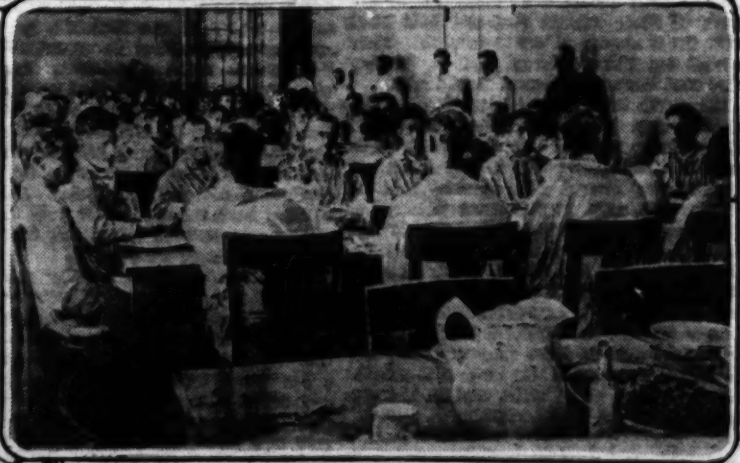
Arriving with a patient.



Type of incinerator in use in army.



Ambulance company; war strength in line for inspection



Patients at dinner.

officers can do, with the means at their disposal, has been done to be ready for any emergency; that this division has on hand a supply of medical stores adequate for any army that might be needed for a period of six months; a reserve of 2000, including some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the country, enrolled and ready to enter the service at the summons of the surgeon-general; that measures for camp sanitation have been planned, and there is no danger from typhoid fever or smallpox. A system of field hospitals and ambulance companies is working perfectly in the regular army. It is expansive and will be extended to all new army forces.

Need of Hygienic Discipline.

The great dangers to the health of new soldiers are lack of experience and training of the enlisted men of the new organizations, and need of that discipline of the boys themselves which keeps them from doing those

not purchase or supply food or clothing for the army, its aid is invoked in selecting them. It inspects and approves or condemns subsistence supplies.

If a contractor shall have forgotten his morals or by mistake sent some beef of the wrong vintage it is very apt to run foul of an inspector, who will make short work of it. The purveyor may fume and the department may have trouble, but your boys will not be fed on that meat. But, be it widely known, the concerns now furnishing food supplies to the War Department are not making those mistakes.

It has been said that when the guardsmen had their little excursion to Cuba in the summer of 1898 they took with them, in addition to heavy blankets, most of which they threw away on the march, their winter uniforms and tunics. They really did not need them, for they were nearer the equator and 5000 feet lower in altitude than are the plateaus of Mexico; but whoever had the say about it, in his zeal to see that the troops did not

socks and shoes. The prevention is to supply those which do fit.

The health officer of today has co-operated carefully with the supply department to design a shoe which the infantryman can wear without hurting his feet. It is made on a specially designed last, called the Munson last after the sanitation officer who conceived it; is easy and comfortable to the foot and comes in so many sizes and shapes that any foot can be accommodated. Besides that, the surgeon instructs the man how to care for his feet, so they will not blister; but not even the best of care will keep sound the feet of a marching army unless socks and shoes of the right kind are provided.

A machine gun pointer, who served with the allies all through the European war, came home and joined a near-by battery. On receiving a pair of our army shoes he exclaimed: "Is not that good! All I had on the other side was a heavy pair with three-quarter-inch soles filled with hob-nails. I

any defect unfitting them for service which calls for strength, endurance and freedom from bad physical tendencies.

Therefore, mothers of the accepted need have little fear that their boys, however tender they seem, are too delicate to stand the hardships. The United States medical examiners know far more about that than the mothers do, and the army does not want the boys if they are weaklings. It is hard for a lot of patriotic young fellows who have trained with the guard to be dropped out of their companies, but they are not going to a pink tea or a picnic. Perhaps a good course of healthful living will bring them up to the standard, ready for the next call.

But after the good pen have been culled, "shot" and clothed they have to live in the concentration camps while the command is being whipped into shape. Here they receive their first taste of real discipline, and it usually is not pleasant. In fact, after the first enthusiasm it is irksome; then it becomes a grind. During these stages noviti-

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Los Angeles Times  
Saturday, July 22, 1916  
HOW THE DOCTOR PREVENTED INSANITY.  
Translated From the Italian of Luigi Capuana. By Edith Jamison Lowe.

The Lie that Won a New Recruit.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE)

tigers, bootleggers and drug stores that grow rich and don't pay a cent to anybody. Who ever heard of a drug store keeping liquor fit for a white man to drink?

"That fetched 'em, you bet. The crowd cheered itself half to death and then all took a round or two at Dutch Charley's bar at Pomeroy's expense.

"Pomeroy went on to show that prohibition and local option were entirely impractical and that they made more drunkards than did the saloons, arguing that when you made laws against liquor you forced people to get it by stealth and that they would drink larger quantities than if they bought it by the glass. You fellows have heard the same arguments around here many and many a time before this town and county went dry, and you know how it has worked out."

The Judge stopped and was so slow in getting his pipe to going again that the crowd began to smile. The young man who stood for the literal truth at all times sneered:

"I don't see the drift."

"No? Well, just keep your shirt on for a few minutes and listen.

"The Congressman was thinking of the good hit he had made when he glanced around and noticed a young man drinking at the bar, and he frowned; because that young man was his only son, a boy on whom he and his wife had centered all their hopes. Of course, he couldn't tell the boy to leave, because he was there himself; all were Dutch Charley's guests, and to put it picturesquely, 'All were drinking from the same canteen.' The incident of meeting his son, however, was soon forgotten, and Pomeroy, very mellow and

blond, sat into an automobile with his friends and rode about town.

As the car rounded a corner it just barely missed colliding with a citizen who was supporting an intoxicated man. It seemed that but for the citizen's prompt action the car would have struck the drunk one. By a father's intuition Pomeroy recognized the mud-spattered individual as his son and signaled the driver to stop the car. Then he leaped out and staggered back. The citizen had his arm around the boy's waist and was leading him across the street to a cab. When Pomeroy got near them he gave a startled cry. The citizen who had saved his inebriated boy and who was caring for him was the crusader, Bowman, who had invaded the district with his fool temperance issue.

"Is that you, Bowman?" he asked in a husky tone.

"Yes sir," replied Bowman. The lad here is hit slightly—was grazed by the car—and then he is—

"Drunk?"

"I fear he is," returned Bowman. "I was just on the point of hailing a cab to take him to some hospital. Do you know who the young man is?"

"Yes sir. He is my son."

"Ah! Shall I assist you with him to your car?"

"No, thank you," returned Pomeroy, who was angry at Bowman for having stumbled on to such a fatal discovery. "I am much obliged to you just the same."

"Oh, that's all right."

"The crusader for temperance lifted his hat courteously, and passed on down the street. Pomeroy, with unnecessary roughness grabbed hold of his son and hustled him into the motor, and went whirling to a private hotel, where he could keep him until he recovered from his spree. The last

thing he remembered was this portion of view from his Dave, boss of the red light section.

"If I was you, old man, I'd make terms or have one of the gang give him a gentle tap on the head so he'll forget. He's sure to blow this to land's end and back if you don't fix him some way."

While Pomeroy was walking up and down, chewing an unlighted cigar, in the room where his son lay sleeping heavily, there was a peremptory knock on the door. When the worried statesman went to the entrance he met a scout who had been sent to him by Big Dave with the disquieting news that Bowman, the crusader, would within the next few minutes be addressing a crowd in the park near the courthouse. Pomeroy hastened to the meeting, and, roughly elbowing his way through, got up to a tree near the box on which Bowman was speaking.

"The crusader spoke for half an hour, and then paused. A big man, wearing the garments of a workingman, cried out:

"Tell us about that affair over on Broadway tonight."

Pomeroy slipped his hand in his pocket and pulled an automatic half way out. The crusader looked at the workingman.

"What affair?"

"About pulling old Pomeroy's son out of the gutter," yelled the man, and many in the crowd took up the cry:

"Tell it! Tell it all!"

Pomeroy raised his pistol. He was in the shadow of the tree. No one was paying any attention to him. The crusader did not see him, but raised his hand to quiet the people. Then he said casually, but quite distinctly:

"Oh, there was nothing in that. The gentleman had been struck by a motor car or vehicle of some sort, and I helped him to

up. I was not accompanied with him."

The narrator paused.

"That was a palpable lie to deceive the crowd," declared the young man who stood for literal accuracy. "I can't see where any possible good was accomplished by it."

The grizzled judge looked at him indulgently.

"No?" he said. "Well, I don't know whether you'd call it any good or not, but when Bowman stepped off his dry goods box, Pomeroy was there the minute he got down."

"My friend," he says—and he was all a-tremble—I'm with you! Put me down as a recruit for your side."

"But your party, Mr. Pomeroy," protests the water wagon man. "What will it say?"

"I don't care a lead five-cent piece what it says," exploded the old man. "What's politics to manhood? I yield on your issue. If my party will stand for your plank, all well and good. If it doesn't, so much the worse for the party."

"Then he up and says, kinder wistful: 'Won't you shake hands with the man who was your enemy, Mr. Bowman?'"

The Judge stopped and looked at the stickler for verbatim truth out of the corners of his eyes.

"Sounds to me like a tale you got up somewhere from a book," declared the young man.

The Judge yawned and then knocked the ashes out of his old cob pipe.

"Maybe it does," he admitted, "but about all I'm telling you I seen with my own eyes. Before I reformed and moved to this town the boys called me Big Dave." Then he added, with an apologetic look at the young man who stood for undeviating exactitude, "But maybe I ain't altogether reformed yet—I don't know."

The Daily Married Life of Helen and Warren.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"THESE are single sheets—that's all that's in there," announced the nurse, after an exploration of the hall closet.

"There's only pillowcases and a spread—no large sheets."

"Then we haven't any more," weakly. "You've changed the bed every day."

"A sick bed must be changed every day," with irritating assertiveness. "I'll phone Ardman's and have some sent up special."

"Mrs. O'Grady washes today," protested Helen helplessly.

"But I want to fix you up before the doctor comes. You'll need more sheets anyway," she was looking for the number.

"Hello, Bryant 82200. —Ardman's? —The linen department, please."

The flush on Helen's face was not due wholly to the fever, as she listened with smoldering resentment to Miss Saunders's authoritative order for four sheets, double-bed size, sent special.

Her aversion for this nurse's assertive personality had become a feverish animosity. And her extravagance—her wasteful extravagance! In three days she had used all the towels and bed linen—besides upsetting and tyrannizing over Dora until the girl was on the point of leaving.

Miss Saunders was now by the bed shaking down the thermometer.

"Oh, rinse it off first!" objected Helen, shrinking back.

"Rinse it off!" with a flush of displeasure. "I never give a thermometer without washing it thoroughly. Under the tongue, please."

Their eyes met in open hostility as Helen held the glass tube between her unwilling lips. It had NOT been washed! She had seen her take it from the chiffonier.

With an air of cool displeasure, Miss Saunders took her pulse, removed the thermometer and replaced it, still unwashed.

Knowing her temperature was taken every few hours, Helen grimly determined to watch that thermometer. Would she dare give it to her again without making even a pretense at rinsing it?

There had been other things about which the nurse had seemed inexcusably careless. In many little ways Helen knew she was deliberately ignoring the doctor's orders about sterile and antiseptic precautions.

"I'd like to brush my teeth first," as Miss Saunders appeared with a cup of chicken broth.

"You can do that afterward. I want you to have this while it's hot."

"I haven't brushed my teeth this morning," combated Helen, firmly.

Her thin mouth set in obstinate lines, she brought a glass of water, toothbrush and small enameled bowl. Beyond holding the glass she made no effort to prop up Helen's head or to help in the awkward operation.

"Oh, I hate her—I hate her!" flamed Helen, inwardly, as the nurse removed the things, her disdainful fingers holding the toothbrush as though it were contaminating.

The lump of enmity in her throat, Helen barely tasted the broth. Leaving the cup on the table, the nurse rushed out to answer the phone.

"Hello! —Oh, it's Mr. Curtis? —She's resting very quietly. —Yes, she's had her broth."

For the moment, Helen's hostility was submerged in the thrilled glow that Warren had called up within an hour after he reached the office.

"You can take that broth out, and wash all those glasses," ordered Miss Saunders, as Dora came in with the sweeper and dust cloth.

"I got my own work to do," sullenly.

"Empty that wastebasket," coolly ignoring her unwillingness. "And put a fresh towel on this stand before the doctor comes."

"I don't want to worry you when you're sick, ma'am—but I can't do my work and hers, too," muttered Dora, as the nurse flounced out. "She ought to do a little something to earn her \$5 a day."

"Try to get along the best you can, Dora. It won't be for long," conciliated Helen.

"If you could see the way she wastes things in the kitchen. All them whites of eggs she uses for that albumen water—what d'you think she does with the yolks? Throws them in the sink!"

"Throws them away?" indignantly. "Why didn't you tell her?"

"No, ma'am, I won't have no words with her. I won't take no more of her orders—and she needn't come out there makin' a lot of dishes."

As the morning dragged on it seemed to Helen that Miss Saunders deliberately contrived to irritate and antagonize her. Instead of a nurse's soothing sympathy, her whole attitude was raspingly combative.

When at 12 o'clock she again took the thermometer from the chiffonier, Helen was watching her every movement. Without even taking it into the bathroom, she shook it down and brought it to the bed.

"Miss Saunders," with quiet intensity, "that thermometer hasn't been washed since I had it before."

"I beg your pardon," loftily, "but I always wash a thermometer when I take it from a patient's mouth. Under your tongue, please."

"You didn't wash this one," unflinchingly. "I watched you."

"Now, I'd like to take your temperature." Her voice implied that Helen's remarks were the ravings of a sick and irresponsible mind.

"Not until you rinse off that thermometer."

"Then I'm to tell the doctor you refuse to let me take your temperature?"

"You can tell him anything you choose." Sick, unstrung, her heart beating in her throat and arms, Helen lay in feverish, consuming hatred, as the nurse swept out. Her head ached, the pillow was too low. The glass of water was just beyond her thirsty reach—but she would wait until Dora came.

When the girl, with eager but clumsy solicitude, was ministering to her wants, Warren, without his usual heralding of heavy footsteps, tiptoed noiselessly into the room.

"Why, where's the nurse?" frowning at Dora's awkward attentions.

"Oh—oh, I'm so glad you've come! I don't want her—don't want her ever to touch me again." And Helen burst into a hysterical account of the morning's happenings.

"Now you're getting yourself all worked up over nothing. If she wasn't a good nurse, the doctor wouldn't have her here. You've got one of your foolish prejudices, and you can't—"

"Warren, it isn't prejudice. I tell you, she doesn't follow the doctor's orders. She hates her work—she isn't fitted for a nurse. If you won't tell him about that thermometer—I will. No conscientious nurse would—"

"Oh, all right," yielding with frowning reluctance. "I'll speak to him."

"Dear, don't think I'm unreasonable. If you'd only believe me! You're not here all day—you don't know what she does."

"Now, we won't talk about it any more. You quiet down, or you'll send up your fever. I'll stay here till the doctor comes."

Weak with exhausting emotions, Helen lay back with closed eyes. The sense of injustice rankled sorely. It was useless to combat Warren's belief in the nurse, for

when either he or the doctor was present she was always solicitously attentive.

It was after one when the doctor came. Helen, listening tensely, heard Warren take him into the library, where she could catch only the mumble of their lowered voices.

After an interminable wait the door swung open and the doctor came in, followed by Miss Saunders, her face flushed and set.

"Well, how is our patient today?" with professional cheerfulness.

Not trusting herself to speak, Helen shaded her eyes with her arm, but her lips quivered betrayingly.

Drawing a chair to the bed, he took her hand, with a soothing:

"We're making a change in your nurse. Miss Saunders has a slight cold, and we can't risk your catching it. She'll stay with you till 5; then Miss Reeves will relieve her."

Her eyes still shaded, Helen only nodded, but the lace of her gown rose with a smothered sob of relief.

The doctor gone, she lay in relaxing quiet. How cleverly he had done it! What had Warren said? What had they told Miss Saunders?

"Well, she's fired!" Warren was alone with her now. "Feel better?"

"Oh—yes, yes." Then, quivering: "But you don't believe me! You think she's all right—and that I'm unreasonable."

"No, kitten, I guess you had her number." There was a grim note in his voice. "I've just found out a thing or two for myself."

Forgetful of the doctor's orders, Helen, in breathless inquiry, half rose on her elbow.

"You don't have to prove your case against that female." He had risen to close the door. "Did a little sleuthing on my own account. Got the goods on her, all right. Caught her faking the chart."

"The chart? You mean—"

"I mean she didn't write down a blooming thing yesterday. Just before the doctor came she took a blank chart, dated it Thursday and filled it out—temperature, medicine, nourishment—the whole rignarole. I kept busy with a newspaper till she was through—then I started something!"

"Oh, she knows—"

"She ought to," with a grin. "My language was emphatic, but plain. The doctor's pretty hot, too. He let her down easy before you, but it's the last case she'll ever get from him. You're all right, kitten—this time your hunch was the real thing."

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# HYGIENE FOR OUR TROOPS ON THE BORDER.

Los Angeles Times

Work of Medical Corps. By a Special Contributor.

[Saturday, July 22, 1916.]

## WHEN FOG WAS DENSE AND DOORS SHOOK.

A Gallon of Love. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

FOG blotted everything. Lucy could hear the ocean but not see it; and the surf broke less than fifty yards away. Fog rolled up to the balcony on which she stood, filled the long corridors and eddied in ghostly wisps before the doors—which were shut and locked, all of them but one. By that one stood a table, with a pitcher of ice water and a lamp.

Shutters began to rattle in the wind. A door shook its loose lock. A plank in the stairs snapped with lowering temperature. Lucy ran to the head of the stairs and looked down. Nothing—nothing but darkness and emptiness. And for Joe to have left her! And Joe might have lost his way in the fog!

Absurd. The boardwalk stretched a straight path up and down for miles. Every cottage upon it might be locked, but nothing could have happened to him. He had just gone off and left her, alone in that big place; and the fog had rolled in thicker; and it was getting dark. And they had been married eleven days—eleven days of Paradise. The Bible story turned out from Paradise the man and woman who had been living there and put a sword between them and perpetual happiness. Lucy had not thought of that. She did think of it as she groped her way back to the balcony.

That door opening upon it from the hall might have been the place where the angel of the sword had been stationed, for half an hour ago Joe had gone out that way and left her alone and wretched. Before that even the balcony with its drifting mists had been Paradise. She had sat there on the bench beside him and snuggled down in his arms, and had put her cold cheek against his and watched the trailing fog steal along the white crests, and blot out the sails off east and steal over the very breakers and shut them in; and she had chosen that supreme moment to ask an idiotic question.

"Joe, had Annie lived, do you think you would have really married her—and been happy?" In rising crescendo, as Joe was silent, "as you are with me; another woman?" And when Joe, thinking tenderly of his early sweetheart, as he must, did speak, he said, slowly, "I don't know."

When she had loved him so; when they had loved each other so; when she had given him—oh, not herself, but more than she had ever dreamed she could be! How could he think of another woman being the other part of that powerful and mysterious whole they had been welded into? And then she had stormed. And Joe had gotten up, and gone in through that door. She had heard him go down the stairs, and had broken into furious crying.

And she had cried the harder because she was angry with herself for crying at all, and the reasoning and pride which had prodded her at every sob made her cry short. But when she had dried her eyes and walked to the balcony rail and looked off into the mist, it was with some bitter comparison between the wiping out of the seashore world and the blotting of her own. And while she stood there, very sad, very brave, as she had told herself, Dick had come up with the pitcher of ice water. The pitcher was almost as big as Dick; and the pitcher was white, Dick black. He lifted it up solemnly and put it tinkling up on the table and pattered on out with his bare feet to Miss Lucy's side. His hands gripped the railing and his big eyes looked up at her adoringly. "Miss Lucy, what's de mattah?"

"Nothing."

But Dick stood unconvinced; he shuffled his feet, as he always did when puzzled—the scratching of his soles seemed to clarify his brains. But it brought no help now, "Miss Lucy," he faltered, in morning and evening formula, "is dyar anything you wants?" And Miss Lucy flashed at him before she knew it, "Yes."

"What's it?"

"Love."

And Dick was gone. She felt exactly as primitive as she had done when she had burst out crying. But the thing was done—three things. She had said it, she had cried, she had quarreled with Joe. And, oh, what difference did it make what any woman had ever been to him, or might be? What was past or possibility when she herself and held such present? When she and Joe, on the Southern Express, had slid out of Philadelphia, leaving rice and confetti and all they stood for behind them, she had been happier than she ever believed any woman could be. They had made the mid-day boat in Baltimore and pulled slowly out of the harbor Joe loved, and gone cutting a milky way across that bay he raved about, and clanking and shaking on what seemed to her "that queer little train" across the eastern shore, and Joe had been pointing out landmarks all the way—till stars shut them out. Stars, too, seemed to shine up from the breast of Sinepuxent Bay, and gleaming lights of rocking boats—and then the first breath of the sea.

A porter reached for their bags in the brick-paved station and started off up the street. "What's the matter with the boardwalk?" Joe asked.

"Nothing opened up there, yet; hotel shut up; stayin' at the cottage."

Men do not faint at a word; Joe wanted to. "Heaven's sake, can't you do any better than this?" He grabbed the clerk by the arm when the clerk met them on the cot-

tage steps. "Man, I've been telling my—my—her—all the winter about the hotel. Been begging to get married June, first thing, get down here before anybody's about—"

"Nobody's about all right," said the clerk, grimly. "Don't come down here any more till July; that's why we're still sticking to the cottage." He looked at Joe, at Lucy behind him, at the ring of people on the cottage porch; he was an eastern shore boy himself and he laughed. "Sam" (the porter came at the nod) "get your lantern. Come along; see what I can do." And with the surf pounding fifty yards away and the boardwalk gleaming white and the long line of cottages and hotels silent and locked, the clerk walked across the hotel porch, groped through the lobby—"Electrician not down yet; got to keep to lamps"—lighted a lamp and led the way up the broad stair. He opened the door upon a spotless, salt-smelling room. "Finished this floor today; all cleaned up; how'll this suit you?"

"Fine!"

The men gripped hands. Sam set down the bags; "Gilt yo' trunks up in de mornin'," brought up another lamp and put it on the table, a pitcher of ice water beside it—and all the miles of boardwalk and houses and shore, all was theirs. The cottages back among the dunes made a non-existent world. They timed the meals they got there so as to be still alone. And there had never been such a honeymoon. They walked up the boardwalk and lost themselves in the dunes. They burrowed there and watched the surf change from froth to breaker, and saw the mid-day sun strike the long, swift-rolling wave to green before it broke upon the shore. They watched the far-off boats and cared nothing as to where they came from or went; nothing of trade or commerce or men. All the world rounded into their own hands; they had but to touch fingers to make the circuit complete.

And she had broken it. The smooth electric gliding of life was gone. They must go shaking and halting and patching, and she was lost in the misery of the thought, and forgetting to be afraid when a fresh eddy of wind drove through the fog. Shutters slammed, doors shook, and the wind seemed to sigh through the long corridors and heavens. It was dark back there, dark! And far back something was slamming, banging, shuffling. With a shriek, she fled into her own room, slammed the door, locked it, stumbled about feeling for matches and found none.

Other feet were running up the steps, front steps this time. Footsteps and banging met outside her door. Some sort of light sputtered up out there. Lucy fell over a chair, pushed it to the door, sprang up

on it and peered through the open transom. Dick was out in the hall, a battered tin half as big as himself in his hand, and Joe, Joe held a lighted lamp and he had been shaking Dick and Dick was half-crying. "I been lookin' for you, Marse Joe, lookin' everywhar."

"What you want?"

"I want to buy some—Mistah Ed said you had it—(Mistah Ed was the clerk) I got de money; Miss Lucy gin me dis today." He held out in a shaking fist a silver quarter, while the other hand still gripped the battered tin.

"What in the name of sense is the matter with you, scaring everybody to death?" "Skeerin' nobody! Ise skeered mysef. I been lookin' an' lookin' fer you. Mistah Ed said you had it."

"Had what?"

"He said I come to de right place to buy it sho. He says de eastern sho is de bes' place fer it in de worl', and he say you is de man—"

Lucy gripped the edge of the transom and poked her chin over. Both knew she was there, though neither looked at her.

"What are you getting at, anyway?"

"He says 'tis sho a good thing to git—bettah dan gas'line fer makin' de wheels go 'round; gas runs de 'chine; dat runs de worl'."

"Look here, niggah," Joe reverted to eastern shoreism, "what are you talking about, anyway?"

"Love, dat's what, love! I axed Mistah Ed if I could buy some an' he said I sho could." Dick's precociousness was that of the spoiled kid hanging to his mammy's skirts, forever petted, forever teased, believing all he heard. "An' den I axed him whar, an' he said dis was de place, right hyar in dis lovin' State. An' I axed him who, an' he said you was de man what had it to spare. Marse Joe, won't you sell me some?" He held out the quarter and the can. "I thought maybe dis mought buy 'bout a gallon, a gallon o' love. I'se buyin' it fer her," jerking his head transomward. "She say she want some; she tol' me so hersef."

Joe gulped. Then he grinned as he felt in his pocket. "You take this quarter and rub it against the other one; and trot along. You needn't be buying love for Miss Lucy. I'll give her all she wants; not gallons, but oceans," as Dick bumped and sidled away. "Oceans," lamp in hand Joe looked up at the starry eyes over the transom, "as much as is out there."

"But the fog hid it," she breathed.

"It was there all the same. Don't you forget that any old time." He added, grimly, "Might be going around looking for a gallon again."

## How the Story of a Wildcat Scheme was Spoiled.

BY PAUL DE LANEY.

"YES, I fell down on a story once; or rather the story fell down."

Railroads Kelly had been induced to talk. It was an off night at the press club. Shop talk had broken over the strict unwritten rules, and experiences of failure found audience. A police reporter told how he lost out on a story through the wrecking of the ambulance. The waterfront man's boat had capsized while he was on his way with a scoop from a steamship anchored in the bay, and he had floundered about in the water until daybreak before he was rescued. Another had fallen into a ditch in the suburbs and broken his leg just before the paper went to press. In fact, about all of the pitfalls known to newspaper reporters were laid bare before the usually reserved Kelly began to talk.

"It was while I was doing mining in Nevada," he continued. "Stocks were beginning to show the developing wisdom of eastern suckers, and wildcaters had exhausted about all resources in boosting their schemes. J. Ronald Scott, a pompous promoter who had failed in about everything he had undertaken, blew into the office one day and took me aside with an air of secrecy.

"I have a winner at last," he said, "and I am going to give you the story. It will create the sensation of the year. It will not only make me rich but will help the whole camp—the entire State! But don't breathe it until it is ripe!"

"Certainly not, but what is it?" I asked.

"Oh, I was about to forget," he said, coming closer. "There is a band of outlaws operating in the Grapevine mountains. They have discovered a ledge of high-grade and are taking it out in large quantities. It is practically pure native gold. As soon as they have taken out a sufficient quantity they propose negotiating with various railroads and express companies which they have robbed in the past years to purchase immunity from punishment by paying for the loot which they have taken. I'm going to join them and secure the agency to consummate the deal. When it is settled I will advertise the results, float their mine, put the stock on the market, and you know the rest. The Outlaws' Cache Mine! Won't it be a hummer?"

"But will they go in and get your robbers when you begin negotiations?" I asked.

"Get them!" he sneered. "Why, those fellows are hidden among the cliffs and canyons of the mountain range on the Death Valley slope—an army couldn't take them, even should it locate the place. Good-by. When I show up again I will give you a story that is a story!"

"Two months passed. I had sidetracked the incident, suspecting that Scott had adopted the story as a means of letting himself out of camp easy. Promoters were leaving like sheep for other fields, and didn't want to admit that they were making a permanent get-away. I was racking my brain for a Sunday morning front-pager when Scott entered the office Saturday morning, closed the door behind him and placed his fingers over his lips for silence. His face and hands were bronzed to a finish, and his clothes were fringed and frizzled.

"Well!" I greeted him enthusiastically.

"I've pulled it off, all right," he explained with a triumphant air. "I have the high-grade—twenty sacks containing \$5000 each—a cool \$100,000! It's under guard within a mile of town. As soon as I can charter an engine and baggage car I will run the greatest treasure-train out of this desert that ever went to a coast smelter! I want you to help arrange things on the quiet. You may go along and have the story as I promised, and within forty-eight hours the world will be startled, the stock of the Outlaws' Cache Mine will be on the market, and you shall have a block of it!"

"We left the office from different doors and, after a round-about way, met at the depot. Scott exchanged telegrams with the head office of the company, and, to my surprise, secured the train; and, to my greater surprise paid for it in advance. He instructed the agent to have the engine and car on the main track at a quarter to four and told me to be on hand. He then went to a lawyer's office to have the company incorporated, and later left an order at our plant for the printing of a big batch of stock certificates.

"Promptly at a quarter to four Scott drove up to the depot in a wagon, drawn by two mules, containing twenty ore sacks all bulging full. On the seat by his side was the most dare-devil looking fellow I ever saw. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, high-heeled boots, a richly colored shirt and greasy, dirt-stained overalls. His long mustache and uncut hair, together with a pair of cold, gray eyes that shot out steel-jacket glances, whichever way he looked, gave him an appearance that made the worst blood-and-thunder hero of which I had ever read look as peaceable as the janitor of a charity mission. The butt of Scott's rifle rested on the floor of the wagon body, while that of the outlaw lay across his lap ready for instant use. A revolver also hung in a holster on either hip of the bad-looking man. On each side of the wagon, at the front and rear, two men, mounted on plains horses and

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Continued from Page Twenty-One  
The Lie that Won a New Recruit.  
The friends and the car found a corner it just needed.  
Loganston, not into an automobile with him, he remembered was this picture of a cat. I was not acquainted with him.  
The narrator passed.  
That was a palpable lie to deceive the crowd, declared the young man who stood for literal accuracy. "I can't see where any possible good was accomplished by it."  
The excited judge looked at him indignantly.  
"No!" he said. "Well, I don't know whether you'd call it any good or not, but I don't know."

# HOW THE DOCTOR PREVENTED INSANITY.

Translated From the Italian of Luigi Capuana. By Edith Jamison Lowe.

"AND what would you say," exclaimed Dr. Maggiori, "if I were to recount to you under what foolish circumstances I was thirty years ago on the point of going mad?"

"You, so sane, so impassible?" interrupted the Abbe Venini.

"If not sane and impassible," continued the doctor, "certainly well balanced as to nerves and imagination. However, my experience signifies that in themselves, circumstances are without value, but assume major or minor importance according to certain states of our organism for which science cannot yet give satisfactory explanations. I have seen a courageous man tremble with fear like a baby; I have known a coward to perform an act of heroism of which nobody would have thought him capable. That moment past, the one returned to be the dauntless defier of perils which he had always been; the other was again a coward, terrified at his own shadow. And nobody has been able to explain why, for an instant, their parts had been exchanged."

"Ah, I would have liked to have seen you as Orlando furioso."

"Furioso, indeed, dear baroness," replied Dr. Maggiori. "I cannot recall it without feeling acute shivers passing over my whole person."

"Well, make us shiver, also, then," said Baroness Lanari.

"Probably you will all laugh. I myself sometimes am obliged to make an effort to persuade myself that the occurrence of thirty years ago was not a bizarre dream, or a hallucination. I have often asked myself: 'Was it ever possible that I could have arrived at such a point?' But as soon as I represent to my imagination the horrible figure of the one witness to my incredible strangeness—let us call it by that name—and there once more sounds in my ears his miserable cry: 'Oh, God! What have you done? Why? Why?' I incline my head in thought, reflecting what a poor thing our intellectual organism is after all, if for reasons so insignificant it can all of a sudden be almost annihilated."

"I marvel to hear a doctor speaking in this manner," said Abbe Venini. "I have believed until now that our intellectual organism, so simple and so delicate, has an extraordinary power of resistance."

"Yes, this is true, and here you have touched the mystery. Shocks, violent blows often produce no noticeable impression upon it; and something which in the face of these might be considered a breath, a little push, will cause the occurrence of a grave disaster, such as happened in the case of which I shall speak."

"But you really did not become insane?" "I was upon the road to insanity; otherwise the act committed by me would have been absolutely inexplicable. I had a reaction in time; that saved me."

"In sum, what did you do?" demanded the baroness, rendered impatient by curiosity.

"I destroyed a masterpiece, or, to speak precisely, a work of art which was certainly about to become a masterpiece."

"Why?"

"Why? My friend, Donegria, a valiant sculptor, who would have ascended to great fame had he been less modest and less unsatisfiable, had tormented me for several years, saying: 'I wish to do your portrait in bronze.'"

"Ah, if I were only less ugly," I replied. "You will be very handsome in marble or bronze," he insisted.

"He had a fixed idea in his mind that I had the head of a Greek philosopher, on account of the long beard which I had then allowed to grow, because of my thick, unruly hair, of which now there is scarcely a vestige to be seen. To me, however, it seemed too much honor for my hair and beard to be immortalized by a great artist such as he. I thought that he would have employed his genius to much better advantage by finishing the figure of the little centaur sporting in the grass, which seemed as if it might have been the work of some sculptor of Athens of the time of Phidias. It has been left unfinished because the boy who had served as his model had suddenly died, and my friends declared that he had been unable to find anyone to substitute for him. I repeated this to him every time he came to tempt me."

"Very well," he replied one day, "I give you my word of honor that I will finish the little centaur, if you will first permit me to satisfy my desire to make a bust of you."

"This was too great a premium not to conquer all my scruples. I placed my pretended Greek head at his disposition."

"And thus I saw, from day to day, coming from under the nervous thumb of my friend, and from the able operation of his little stick, my likeness issuing from that shapeless mass of clay, so lifelike and speaking that I looked at it with stupor, for it seemed almost as if I had gone out of myself, or, at the very least, that something of myself had been transfused into that image, from the lips of which I expected to hear breaking forth, from one moment to another, the sound of my own voice, even as I already saw upon its lips the little good-natured smile which, according to my friend, was the foremost pronounced characteristic of my physiognomy."

"My medical duties prevented me from giving him long and frequent sittings. Often two or three weeks passed during which I never set foot in the studio."

"When I returned he always exclaimed, 'Oh, my! you have grown stouter!' Or, 'Oh, my! how much thinner you are!'"

"How these little changes came about, little but perceptible, since he noticed them immediately, I could not say."

"I do not do it on purpose," I said, excusing myself.

"I was sorry because of these inopportune changes, as they retarded the progress of the bust very much, the dissatisfied artist was obliged to eliminate something in one place and add something in another place; and that little bit of clay, eliminated from or added to a certain place, determined other additions or suppressions of which he tried to explain the intimate reason to induce me to be patient in the martyrdom of the pose. Every time I came to pose anew, it seemed to me that he erased the imprint of the extraordinary resemblance characteristic of the bust; but upon taking my leave I always marveled to see that the extraordinary resemblance and the suggestion that my clay image might almost be animated by the breath of life had, by patient labor, become more evident."

"One day I said to him, jokingly: 'I hope I will not meet the fate which befell the beloved of a painter of whom Poe writes in one of his stories. I hope I shall not die because all my life will have been transfused into my image, when it is finished.'"

"A low sort of growl was his only reply. He passed and repassed his forefinger over the forehead of the bust, and I was aware that he tried to push back something hard, which the clay scarcely covered."

"Is there a stone in it?" I inquired.

"No; it is the skull, which comes out. I have placed a skull in it in order to model the head more accurately."

"A skull? Really, a skull?"

"Yes; does that stupefy you?"

"I could not hide from him that the knowledge that a skull—the cranium of an unknown deceased person—had been mortised into my bust produced upon me an impression of extreme repugnance."

"Many sculptors do this," he said.

"Resuming my pose, I felt myself exceedingly troubled. Childishness, certainly. I now understand that it was folly upon my part, but at the time, that skull which, living, had contained a brain thinking diversely from my own, made me fancy strange things. It seemed to me that my lifelike lineaments ought to awaken the intellectual functions of that empty cerebral box and produce a disturbance which might react upon me, the original of that image in which it lived again. I began to feel a strange sensation in my head, almost as if that cranium were not only mortised into my bust, but also substituted for my own, or at least that it attempted to substitute itself for mine, by some magic power."

"Childishness, I repeat. And I judged it that from the first. In fact, while posing for my friend during the following days, I said, jokingly:

"Who knows what the dickens my bust is thinking, with the skull of another in it? Perhaps there will have remained in it some impressions of the thoughts which were

there at one time, or at least perhaps this exterior form may miraculously put them into motion. It is certainly a gruesome idea."

"In the meantime, while posing, I became more and more obsessed by these ideas. An increasing sense of ill pervaded my whole being. I no longer dared to joke about the cranium. The preoccupation of my spirit altered the expression of my countenance, causing me to corrugate my forehead, and taking from my lips the characteristic amiable smile, which the sculptor, after much painstaking toil, had succeeded in rendering upon the lips of the image."

"What is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Move! Speak! Do not put on that harsh expression, which belies you entirely."

"And I had not the courage to confess to him that all came from that cursed skull, which he had conceived the dismal idea to make use of in order to facilitate his modeling."

"The sense of illness from which I suffered was no longer momentary, present only during the hours of the poses; it remained with me all day and all night, preventing me from going to sleep at once as I was accustomed to, no matter how many visits I had paid, nor how much the occupations of the day had fatigued me. It seemed to me that I was no longer I, but a little bit of that other one whose empty skull must be thinking under the envelope of clay which covered it. And it was an acute mania, a continual torment from which I could not extract myself. It seemed to me ridiculous that I should be reduced to such an extreme; I appeared to myself to be an imbecile, and worse; but at the same time I experienced a tremendous attraction toward the bust, which daily became more lifelike, the extraordinary resemblance constantly becoming more startling."

"For several days in succession I posed for my friend, and he now said to me:

"A few more sittings, and you will be free."

"He, the unsatisfiable, commenced to be satisfied with his work. But I, with a species of terror, watched the increasing expression of breathing life, which the bust now seemed to acquire more and more with every sitting. I turned every instant to look at it, unquiet, and with a dolorous sensation of pressure upon my skull which seemed to me to proceed from the skull in the bust, almost as though they had been united into one; and there was a sensation of the struggle of opposing thoughts fighting within my brain, each endeavoring to conquer the other. And I bit my lips, and clenched my hands, digging the nails into the flesh, but at the same time making every conceivable effort to conceal my internal anguish from my friend."

"He now gave the final touches to the eyes, making the pupils, from which there seemed to burst forth a light which animated the countenance of the image extraordinarily; and he worked intently, with extreme delicacy, while I felt myself to be losing my personality, to be absolutely servile to that other brain which seemed now to possess me."

"No! No!" I shrieked, hurling myself upon the bust and tearing it from its pedestal.

"Oh, God! What have you done? Why? Why?"

"But I paid no attention to the desolate cry of the sculptor, who helplessly watched the destruction of his masterpiece; with my feet I crushed the head, which had remained intact in the fall, causing the skull to drop out and displayed its empty eye-sockets, its grinning teeth and the triangular hole where the nostrils had been, now filled with clay which almost looked like putrid flesh; and I kicked it over into a corner with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction."

"But, why? why?" wailed my unhappy friend.

"Why?" I replied, recovering from the fury which had all of a sudden possessed me. "I felt myself to be going mad! Oh, that skull! that skull! Pardon me! I was going mad!"

"I fully appreciated the enormity of the offense I had committed, and the unhappy figure of the sculptor, who gazed stupidly upon the havoc wrought by me, caused me to pity him from the bottom of my heart."

But I lived again. I felt a joyful sense of liberation from an incubus, which had almost caused me to lose my reason. Seizing the hands of my friend, I pressed them affectionately, and I murmured to him:

"Pardon me. Now, think of that little centaur; do not chastize me by leaving it unfinished."

"But the thought of the little statue fills me with remorse. Donegria has never finished it, and modern Italian sculpture has lost a masterpiece, all on my account."

## Lost City of the Incas.

[Harry A. Franck in Century:] The Incas, using the word broadly, showed an extraordinary liking for building on spots where they had an unbroken outlook over all the surrounding world. Lovers of nature, perhaps, though the apparent complete indifference of their descendants to its charms and moods makes this debatable, they were above all practical fellows, moved less by esthetic reasons than by an overwhelming dislike to being awakened from the afternoon siesta by a well-aimed boulder. Yet had their only quest been unrivaled situations, that of Machu Picchu could scarcely have been improved upon. Mere words and pictures give faint idea of the unique charm of the place. The earth offers few such views as that from the Intihuatana at the top of the town.

The altitude of the city is put at 8500 feet and that of the river 6500, yet it is surprising how clearly, if hushed, the roar of the river comes unbrokenly up the 2000 sheer feet to the invulnerable city. Utterly unpeopled, the visible world is one tumbled mass of gigantic forested mountains rolling away to inaccessible distances, blue ranges rising afar off to snow capped crests mingled with the sky; not the haggard and sterile Andes of elsewhere, but softened forms so densely wooded that nowhere is a spot of earth visible. Swing round the circle, and on the other side the gaze falls as precipitously into the Urubamba. Three great blue ranges rise one behind the other, growing from blue to purple farther off, the central Cordilleras shutting off all the world beyond, seemingly near at hand, yet only a week of hard travel would attain it. In another direction the rolling ranges, faded to purple, die enticingly away one behind another into the great montana and the region of the Amazon, while masses of pure white clouds come majestically up out of Brazil beyond.

## Men Growing Shorter.

[Kansas City Journal:] In recent years anatomists have shown in a practical way that the height of a man or woman can be increased to a considerable extent by appliances for stretching. These extensions, however, have only been of inches or fractions of an inch, and giants have not been, nor are they likely to be developed by artificial means. It was a French savant, named Henrion, who, 200 years ago, gave to the world authoritative statements as to the height of Adam and Eve. He said that the father of the race was 123 feet 9 inches high and Eve 118 feet 9 inches. He noted that from the creation of these enlarged editions of humanity, degeneration had been rapid; that Noah was only 27, Abraham only 20 and Moses but thirteen feet in height. According to this French authority, if the Christian dispensation had not arrested this decrease, man by this time—200 years ago—would have been a mere microscopic object, and we may conclude that by our time he would not have been at all. M. Henrion did not give any explanation as to height of those ancients. Perhaps the most gigantic story on record is that concerning an immense skeleton, said to have been in Sicily, which measured 300 feet in length. This story, however, carries its own refutation, as it is said that found beside this giant was his walking stick, which was thirty feet long and thick as a telegraph pole. A clever calculator made the estimate that a walking stick only thirty feet in length for a man who measured 300 feet would be as ridiculous as one of seven inches for a man of ordinary stature.

## Ohio Man's Wonderful Cow.

[Ironton Register:] Harry Mann of Covell bought a cow, and is now supplying the neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.

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 ...he started into it without blinking.  
 ...a bullet flash of light blinded him momentarily, but a continual bedlam of loud wrangling, the charge; I had held up and robbed the peo-  
 ...ing to his words, that sin was the greater  
 ...ing to his words, that sin was the greater  
 ...ing to his words, that sin was the greater

# THE ANSWER WHICH THE FIFTH MAN GAVE

The Extraordinary Case. By Harold H. Scott.

Illustrated Weekly. Los Angeles Times

## Recent Notable Cartoons.



Baltimore American



Philadelphia Public Ledger



Baltimore American



Seattle Post-Intelligencer



St. Louis Globe Democrat



Philadelphia Star



Philadelphia Public Ledger



Portland Oregonian



St. Joseph News-Press



Without a moment's hesitation, the se

He came trotting into his shop; his quick step pattered up through the front and into the rear. Then his eyes opened wide in wonderment. There on its wooden legs, just as he had left it, stood the pauper's coffin ready for interment. As from its place on the floor the silver-mounted casket had disappeared. He recollected with horror that he had told the pauper to crawl in there in case

chral. They glided past the slumber

"Come, gentlemen, Monsieur le Maire aw  
g you."

BY EDGAR WHITE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE)

10



Recent Notable Cartoons.

[1916, July 22, 1916.]

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

[Saturday, July 22, 1916.]

THE ANSWER WHICH THE FIFTH MAN GAVE

The Extraordinary Case. By Harold H. Scott.

"IF A MAN about to send a bullet through his brain were suddenly confronted by a masked thug with a gun and commanded to throw up his hands, what would he do?"

Connors put the question in a half-humorous, half-serious way, and four of the five men sitting in the lounge of the Commercial gave their opinions, each in turn weighing the question with assumed seriousness, as though it were a problem of exceeding importance. The consensus of their views was that the intended suicide would obey the command of the thug, the instinct of self-preservation outweighing the desire for self-destruction.

Then McMasters spoke up, in his quiet, unassuming way:

"In the majority of cases," he said, "it would be just as you all have agreed. Without doubt the stronger desire of self-preservation would overrule the man's intention of destroying himself. That is natural; no matter how strong the determination to kill himself, he would be brought up suddenly to a realization of life's true value when his own was threatened by another. But, on the other hand, we must consider the will-power of the individual. Some men are so strong-willed that no power under the sun could turn them from any course they had determined on. In such a case the answer would not be quite so easy. I am thinking now of a case of that kind, an unusual—I should say, extraordinary—case. The man whom I am going to tell you about is well known to you all. Of course, for obvious reasons, I will not disclose his identity; and I want to ask that, if any of you recognize him in the light of the story, you will please keep the knowledge to yourself."

The others pulled their chairs closer, and unconsciously fell into attitudes of deepened interest, as McMasters began the story.

"This man let himself into his apartment stealthily. He moved quietly across the room, steering his way past furniture which he could not see, but whose position was so well fixed in his mind that he did not have to see it to prevent stumbling over it. At the farther side of the room he stopped before a writing-desk. There was the muffled jingle of a bunch of keys; the lid of the closed escritoire squeaked ever so slightly as it was lowered. There was a moment of absolute silence while the man glanced cautiously about the room. Then a circle of light from his pocket-lamp fell on the blotter. He moved a chair over and sat down, with his back to the door he had entered. He drew paper before him, set the flashlight on the desk so that its rays illuminated little more than the sheet of paper, and began to write.

"His pen moved very slowly. Each word was set down only after many moments' thought; and between each two words he wrote, his eyes glanced nervously toward a second door, which evidently opened into an inner apartment. Once a pencil of light appeared below the crack of the door. The man instantly extinguished his own light and waited, motionless, hardly breathing, until the light below the door disappeared. Then it was five, ten minutes before he flashed his light on again and continued with his studied composition.

"Presently he finished the letter, blotted it, slipped it in an envelope, which he addressed and set in a conspicuous place on top of the desk, locked it, then unlocked the drawer beneath. He had extinguished his flashlight now, and his hand groped for a minute in the drawer before he found what he sought. He withdrew his hand, clasping an automatic. The keys jangled faintly again as he thrust them into his pocket. He moved to the center of the room, still watching the door to that inner room. All his movements were methodical and unhurried, yet there was the tension of alertness about them. With his back to the door he had entered, he raised the revolver and put the muzzle against his temple.

"It was very still. He waited a moment, his eyes resting on the door of the inner apartment. Suddenly a finger of light fell on him from the rear.

"Throw up your hands!" The command was terse, but low-pitched.

"The man's upraised hand dropped to his side. He turned around deliberately. The

flash of light blinded him momentarily, but he stared into it without blinking.

"Shoot!" he said.

"The burglar was nonplussed for the moment. Then:

"Quit your kiddin' and throw up your mits," he growled, in the same low, tense voice.

"The other looked past the circle of light into the masked face. 'I told you to shoot,' he said, quietly.

"The burglar advanced a few steps and peered closer at the man before him, still with gun leveled, watching alertly the small automatic in the other's hanging hand.

"Well, I'll be —! De yu mean yu want to be croaked?"

"The other smiled, but made no answer.

"Say, pard, what's th' game?"

"I was just going to blow out my brains with this when you came. Now you can save me the trouble." He smiled grimly.

"The burglar reached over and took the automatic out of his hand with a quick motion. 'I ain't takin' any chances,' he observed. 'Now tell me straight. What's th' game?"

"The man moved to a chair and sat down. The burglar, his eyes never leaving the other's, leaned easily against the closed door at his back.

"Would you mind putting out your light? It might waken—"

"The burglar looked closely at him for a moment; then, apparently satisfied, he extinguished his flashlight.

"The man spoke quietly and easily.

"The game, as you call it," he said, "is just this: It is not a new story—the same old stuff. I'm cleaned. I haven't a cent to my name, except a little loose change—and an overwhelming mass of debts. What did it? The ring double-crossed me. I've slaved for years—and it all went like that. He snapped his fingers.

"Well," the burglar demanded, when he remained silent. "Well?"

"What's the use? I've been slaving for nothing. Just as soon as things began to look bright and I saw the reward ahead—bang! it's gone. I can't face the world with nothing. I can't face my family, my friends, and admit that I'm beaten, that I've failed. It's too late in life—I'm 56—for me to start all over again. It's time for me to play the good loser and cash in my checks."

"His listener grunted; then said:

"Listen here, pard: you're on the wrong trail. I could tell you a few things—I'm almost as old as you are—and I could tell you a few things that would make your tale look like the rosiest dream."

"The other apparently was not heeding, but the burglar continued:

"I could show you some things that would make you feel as rich as a dozen millionaires." He stopped for a moment; then: "Say," he demanded, "you come with me."

"He caught the man by the shoulder and steered him through the door. They slipped quietly through the corridor, down two flights of carpeted stairs and out into the street. The burglar had removed his mask, and the two walked through the streets like two gentlemen of moderate means out for a stroll. They met but few people, for the hour was late, and they exchanged no words.

"Down into the black part of the city the burglar took the companion; down into the dirt and filth of side streets—the back yard of the city, the habitat of those millions who, ground under the heel of an inexorable fate, are born to filth, live their lives of filth, and so pass on in filth to give place to yet another generation foredoomed to a similar existence.

"They passed along rows of worse than dingy buildings which, as they proceeded deeper into the region, seemed to become more and more disreputable with every block. Occasionally figures crept past them; grotesque shapes would sink into the shadows at their approach, like restless ghosts. On every side rose the reek of massed humanity, clinging tenaciously to their mean existence like worms to the under side of a moist plant. On every corner the lights of bar-rooms charged out into the meanly-lit street, defying the lesser radiance of blinking, wavering street lamps. And from behind the swinging doors arose

a continual bedlam of loud wrangling, the voices of men raised in coarse jest or alcoholic wrath.

"But the two passed on. Once they passed a dance hall, from which rose sounds of questionable revelry, where the worms were seeking forgetfulness of wretched poverty while, for a moment all too short, they threw themselves into play which was at least a surcease from their heritage—toll.

"Then, on a still-darker side street, before a still more disreputable-looking building than any they had yet encountered, the burglar bade his companion halt. Taking his hand, he dropped down into a passageway below the level of the sidewalk and thence through a low door. The room they entered was damp and musty; the nauseating odor of foul air was almost overpowering.

"The burglar groped in the darkness until he had found and lit a bit of a candle. The flickering rays of light accentuated the meanness of the room. There was no furniture, only a wobbly table standing precariously on three legs, and a broken packing box which served as a chair. In one corner the candle rays threw into uncertain relief a litter of straw and a filthy blanket.

"The burglar motioned his companion to sit on the box.

"Guess you're wonderin' why I brought you here," he said; "but you'll understand after you've heard my story."

"The other gave no indication of attention, but sat staring meditatively into the yellow candle flame.

"Three years ago I was in just the fix you're in now. Only I wasn't courtin' death. I wanted to live too badly, regardless of the kind of life I'd have to live. That's just the difference in men. Some get tired of livin' quicker than others. But for me, any life was better than none. Maybe I didn't have nerve enough to kill myself. That's another place where some men differ from others.

"It was on a Saturday night that the blow fell. I walked the streets all night in a sort of daze. There was nobody to care whether I rose or fell. Dawn found me still wandering aimlessly about the streets. The sun came out; it got warm, and then hot. I began to feel worn out, but I kept on. After a time—it must have been 10 or 11 o'clock—I found myself before a church. With no thought, save to find some place to sit down and rest, I went in and took a seat well back in the rear, near the door. It was a fashionable west-side church, but no one took any notice of me. I was fairly well dressed, and appeared the gentlemen, so why should they?

"I must have dozed off. I do not remember anything about the sermon nor what happened, until I was brought up suddenly by a phrase the minister used. His words seemed to awaken me out of a deep sleep.

"The man who manipulates the market—who controls the people's very bread and butter, to the end he may gain wealth at their expense, is no better—is worse—than the masked thug who robs at the point of a gun. . . . Those were the minister's words. I will always remember them. They rang in my ears, pounded themselves into my brain, as I slipped out of the church."

"The man was listening now intently. It was not so much the burglar's words as the sudden change in his manner, even his speech, which arrested and held his attention. There, in that filthy hole, he was hearing the story of another whom Fate had used far more unkindly than it had used him.

"Now, it no doubt will seem odd to you," the burglar continued, "that my going into that church and hearing those words made me what I am today. It will probably seem incredible that the effect of that sermon—at least the portion of it which I heard—was just the opposite from what it should have been. But that is the case. I can explain it after a fashion. But perhaps you won't understand. It would be hard for a normally sane person to understand how a sermon in the House of God can make a man turn to the commission of the very sin which that sermon showed to be infamous. This is all I can say in explanation: I had been guilty of the minister's

charge; I had held up and robbed the people in the name of business, and, according to his words, that sin was the greater one.

"A perverted sense of reasoning," you will say. Yes, I suppose it was. But my mind was far from normal as I left the church that morning. And, as I walked down the street, I made a decision. Thereafter I determined to sail under my true colors. I was a thief. I would henceforth go about as a thief, and I would associate with my own kind. I would rob and plunder, but I would rob and plunder those who, standing within the immune circle of the law, robbed and plundered in their turn.

"But I had lost my nerve. I wasn't big enough to go in for the big game. What little I do get is at the risk of my liberty, even my life. When I do land a fair-sized haul I receive only a mere pittance for it. If I realize \$10 on \$100 worth of stuff I am doing well.

"Perhaps by now you are beginning to understand that I brought you here just to show you how much better off you are than I, or thousands of others that we see all about us. I brought you down here to show you that I envy your position even now. If you have \$5 to your name you have more than I have. If you have a hundred enemies, I have a million. There is not one decent citizen in any city who would not put me behind the bars if he had an opportunity. Stop and think of that; then, if you still want to end your life, kill yourself. I won't kill you.

"You've seen and heard it all—you know the answer. Are you still anxious to cash in your checks?"

"He broke off sharply with that, and took the man by the arm. They went out into the street again, and the burglar led the way out of the district to a point where his companion could get his bearings and proceed alone. When they parted, the burglar said, almost apologetically:

"I don't know why I did this. I don't know why I should bother with you—or anyone—like that. Perhaps it was just because I realized that I faced an exceptional man when you told me to shoot. A man who has the nerve to do that is worth saving—even from himself. But it doesn't matter why. He held out his hand and the other grasped it.

"Good luck," said the burglar, and he turned and disappeared in the shadows."

McMasters came to a pause and cleared his throat. He was silent for some minutes, but none of them ventured to prompt him.

"The man did not shoot himself," McMasters resumed presently. "Of course, he decided to live. He went into battle again with sleeves rolled up, determined to recoup, if he had to start at the bottom. He did. Today he is one of the biggest men in the city. And he has grown big honestly—not just skirting the boundaries of the law, but so squarely that he can look into his own heart and say 'I am straight.'"

McMasters turned to a passing cloak room attendant and asked for his hat and coat. There was silence for some minutes. Then one of the men ventured, musingly, half-questioningly:

"And the burglar? I wonder what became of him?"

The boy had returned with McMaster's coat, and was helping him into it. McMasters looked straight at the man who had spoken, stared at him fixedly, yet did not see him. He abstractedly drew his coat about him more comfortably and handed the boy his tip before he answered.

"The burglar," he repeated, slowly, "the burglar— The man went down again into the dark places and his helping hand lifted the burglar into the light. Through that other's help the burglar has redeemed himself, I believe— But that is for others to judge— I am the burglar."

And with that McMasters went out.

The Boy's Version.

It is from the Boston Traveler and is supposed to have been spoken by a clergyman's small son, whose older brother was to be confirmed at church. "It's like this," quoth the youngster, "the bish' is going to put his mits on brother's bean."

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[Saturday, July 23, 1911.]

## THE SAD CASE OF THE WANDERING PAUPER

The Turn of Fortune. By Jean St. Merry.

THE village of Brouillon, in Picardy, lies on the road to Boulogne. This is a favorite route for invalids who journey to the north coast for the benefit of the bracing sea air. In spring and fall travel is brisk, but it lags in summer, except for the many beggars and vagabonds who come that way and are often a source of public expense.

One summer, in the full dullness of the season, while the public square lay quiet and deserted, three citizens of ominous vocations were seen to lay their heads together.

But for them the streets were empty. The geese had the way to themselves; their gabbling disturbed nobody. As though to compensate for the lack of trade, the weather was fine. The day was perfect, cloudless, balmy, a gentle breeze—a full day. When people must endure business depression, they must not be plagued with bad weather.

Gil Coteau, the undertaker, met the coroner near the public square and greeted him heartily.

"Business is bad, Monsieur le Coroner,"

"Yes."

"And no danger of rain?"

"No."

"You look glum."

"And with cause."

"Business is bad, Monsieur le Coroner, no? Or so-so?"

"Business is not bad, nor so-so. It is totally absent."

In private life the coroner was the village charbonnier, and supplied the housewives with fuel. But it was by his official title that he was habitually addressed. "Mons. le Coroner will please bring me a basket of coals," or "Mons. le Coroner, I shall need a bundle of fagots," they said.

To the coroner's dolorous wall, the undertaker offered his consolations. "It is the weather, perhaps," he said. "Myself, I have no business. Nobody wants to be buried, hein! The people do not become customers of my shop willingly. But I do not grumble. I shake people by the hand when I greet them. All my good humor I put to use while the people are well, so that I may have the more gravity when the time comes that I am in need of it. It is but just to save your moods for the occasion they fit. Is it not so, Mons. le Medecin?"

The municipal physician had approached and stood listening. "You are right," he said.

The fat grocer looked out from across the way. "Ah," he said, "when these three get together, one is without cheer. They gather like clouds on a fine day and threaten weather. I will go back in; it may be my measure they are wishing to take. See the undertaker with his ready smile; how he slaps you on the shoulder and takes your hand. Yet he had rather feel a cold hand than a warm one."

"Mons. le Coroner should not complain, his office pays good fees," said the physician, joining in the conversation.

"But not without service," replied the coroner gloomily.

"Ah," said the physician, "I have been a help to you. When the circumstances have permitted, I have been suspicious. Here is a case for the coroner, I have said."

"True, true; but that comes but rarely." "We must not be impatient," counseled the undertaker, with a wise shake of the head. "We cannot hurry people to patronize us."

"Why not?" asked the physician suddenly; while the other two looked at him curiously.

"How is that?" exclaimed the undertaker, interested.

"It is not beyond the range of possibility to bring about some public business, some official inquiry, some mysterious death," said the physician with mock gravity. "In order to help the coroner out." And he laughed heartily at the ridiculous idea.

"But who shall the victim be?" asked the undertaker dramatically, for he liked a joke of that sort.

"Oh, one of those paupers who will be coming this way soon," the physician answered.

"Perhaps Mons. le Docteur may persuade one to sicken, and that will benefit him," said the coroner solemnly. "But would one be willing to die, think you?"

So the coroner had wit too. Who would have thought it? But he did not join in the laughter which followed his remark. It was a long speech for him. He was of enormous but shapeless build. He took up so much space that he was usually content to make his presence known by his bulk and to leave the talking to his smaller brethren.

"It is really the paupers passing this way which make work for us all," said the undertaker, growing serious. "They come through from who knows where, and they sicken from who knows what, and die like rats. They sicken, which gives fees to Mons. le Medecin. The official physician makes report when unusual circumstances are observed, and the coroner does not neglect to investigate. As for me, I bury them decently. I do not despise them because the county pays. Ah, they are human; they touch my heart, Messieurs. I do my best, though the county pays."

"But they must watch out for the sous-prefect, who is their enemy. He gets no fees and he dislikes to be troubled," said the physician.

"He is a scamp," said the coroner.

And here they let the matter rest. But it is not wise to jest about things serious.

It is said by the old wives that misfortune can be brought on by talking about it. At any rate, so came it that on the third day after this conversation, a gaunt and whiskered stranger was seized with fits in the village street. Who was he? No one knew. Some pauper, though, worse luck to the taxpayers. "They are always coming through like that to become a charge upon the public. We ought to devise some means of turning them to some other route," people said.

The official physician was sent for and came with due haste. He worked with the stricken man two blessed hours in the heat of the day, till science and skill could do no more. But all to no purpose. "Look you," he said to the assembled idlers who stood ready witness to his effort. "Look you, this brute on his head! Who knows? It looks bad. Mons. le Coroner should hear of this."

"It was perhaps caused by his fall in the street," said one of the bystanders, a taxpayer in the community.

"Are you, then, the coroner to pass on these things?" the physician angrily retorted.

The crowd of spectators was curious. "Bring on the coroner," they said. A mystery was something to talk and speculate about, and the bustle of a coroner's inquest was more interesting than blinking at the empty streets. Already two or three theories were being warmly discussed.

The coroner was not derelict in his duty. His findings in the case were minute, and his bill of fees one of the largest ever presented. Though a man of very curt speech, he could write well and copiously when the length of his report measured his pay. A strange man, penniless, from distant parts, had come to his death from causes unknown, and was to be buried at the public expense; such was the gist of his findings when stripped of fluency. His bill was neatly prepared, and quickly filed with the departmental treasurer for payment.

But the demeanor of the solemn coroner had not changed at this sudden revival of public business. This grumbling official had gone about his duties with stolid formality; if he felt any elation, it was so far within that no trace of it reached the surface.

It was the undertaker that showed the real soul. When the coarse cloth containing its gruesome burden was laid upon a table in the back of his shop, his nature expanded. He was overjoyed at this windfall that had been shaken down by the gentle breezes of dog days. Oh, business was not so bad.

He set to work at the preliminaries, as blithesome as a lark. His shop was small, cramped and dimly lighted. To obtain more light, the back door was propped open by a piece of decaying log dragged from a wood pile in the rear. In the room were but two coffins. Upon a stand with wooden legs stood a costly casket of heavy oak with silver mountings which he was reserving for some wealthy occupant whose relatives could afford to pay. Beside it,

but on the floor, was a plain board box covered with balsa. Ah, this would furnish a suitable repository for such ragged vagrants as the county should have to bury. With practised skill, he glanced along the rigid outline of the inert figure wrapped in the rude cloth and measured it with his eye. But he did not touch it. Yes, this box would do. No alterations were necessary, and that was lucky, as he had no assistant at the time.

This point settled, he removed from the wooden stand the elaborate casket and placed it upon the floor. A little assistance in the lifting would have been handy, but no matter, it was soon done.

Then he brought forward the pine box with the black balsa, and placed it upon the pair of wooden legs. "It is here the sexton will expect to find it."

Now for the suit of clothes. He went to a cupboard in the side of the wall and drew therefrom an old black coat. With two or three vigorous shakes he dispersed a part of the dust which had accumulated upon it. A few brushes with his hand and it passed his inspection. "It will do," he commented.

The heavy labor now done, he was ready to enjoy a little luxury. He took his seat at a high desk and began making out his bill. As the items were set down and the charges grew, he became merry and hummed a few lines of an old ditty.

He looked at his watch and mused: "The sexton will be here soon, and he will help me with the remainder. In turn I will help him load the box into the wagon and that is fair. The sexton is getting old; he is half blind now. Before long I will be fitting him into his box, perhaps."

While these interesting speculations were running through Mons. Coteau's head, his glance happened to fall again upon the covered figure lying on the table. He jumped from his stool as though it had become suddenly hot. Was it possible that the corpse was moving?

Mons. Coteau was startled but he was not scared. He did not fear ghosts, nor the awakening of the dead. It was the possibility of the loss of business and the forfeit of fees nearly earned that troubled him.

In three strides he was by the side of the table and had snatched away the cloth. The man beneath rose to a sitting position and looked out, dazed, at the undertaker.

"What's this? What's this? You are not dead? You have been pretending, you scamp!" cried the undertaker angrily.

For answer the man stared blankly, trying with an effort to collect his senses. The jolting ride to the undertaker's shop had done what the doctor's skill and nostrums had been unable to accomplish; it had revived the inanimate form from a deep coma.

"Lie back down or I will have the gendarmes after you," the undertaker cried in a terrible voice. "You are dead and I am going to bury you."

"No, Monsieur, it is but sickness I have. There is no need for a burial yet," protested the reviving man.

"What, no burial? And I am to have all this expense for nothing—the coffin, the clothes, the grave already dug?"

"These are but fits," said the astonished stranger, looking around with apprehension. "Twice I have been nearly buried. Oh, these undertakers! It is not the fits I fear, but the official doctors, the coroners, the undertakers. They are like wolves, they will have me under ground yet."

The threatening attitude of the disappointed undertaker had acted as a tonic upon the pauper and he was readily coming to life. Mons. Coteau was in despair. This fool vagabond would cheat him of his fees, rob him of his business which came to him regularly with all the formalities of law. The man's body, or an appropriate substitute for it, belonged to him for the purposes of sepulture. Feeling that the case was desperate, he no longer commended, he pleaded.

"But you see, my bill is already made out for the county to pay. Look you, I have a heart, I have. Was I going to hustle you off as the poor are usually treated? My friend, no. I would have made burial a luxury for you. These clothes were not for me, nor this sprig of myrtle, nor the priest, the prayers, the Latin, the verses; they were all for you."

"Parbleu!" exclaimed the pauper indignantly. "You would bury me, then, so that you may have a bill for the county to pay? Monsieur, I cannot permit it."

"The times are dull," said Mons. Coteau earnestly. "It is not a small bill; I cannot afford to lose it. There must be a burial." He looked at the pauper, in a quizzical way. "Do you not comprehend?"

"Not I," was the quick response.

"It is simple. Come, you must hide here. The burial must go on. For all this preparation the county must pay. It is not my fault you are not dead. Here is a log which props the door; it will do. I will put it in the coffin; the coffin will be buried; you remain here till dark, then be off, and don't come this way again."

"Oh, but the gendarmes: They will seize me."

"My friend, no. You are officially dead, and no harm can come to the dead."

"Yes, but I am not officially buried. It is not too late to rectify the mistake."

"And have the coroner's fees thrown out, too? It is right glad he would be to be thus deprived of his honest dues. He would see to it that you are taken up for a scamp."

The pauper turned upon the undertaker a troubled countenance. "You ask too much," he said slowly. "It is not natural to be buried in this way."

"It will not be you, simpleton! The log is but a symbol."

"In all my life I have not been buried. Even by this symbol I cannot consent to it now. It would bring ill luck."

"You are stupid," the undertaker moaned.

"That may be," replied the pauper; "but I know which side of the ground to stay on."

"My friend, you do not comprehend. It is nothing. The coffin will contain nothing but a log. The post will be buried in the place of you."

"Monsieur," exclaimed the simple pauper, earnestly, "I am a poor man, but I cannot fill post holes. I was on my way to D'Arcy when I was taken with the fits. Let me pass on, and do you as you like, but I cannot help you. A corpse, Monsieur, it is not wood; a log needs no coffin, nor can an honest man be used to fill post holes."

The stranger had risen and was moving toward the door. He was but thinly clad, without coat and without hat. The sun was getting low, and the chilliness of evening was setting in. He shivered slightly. Mons. Coteau saw his opportunity. "Take this coat," he said, reaching the one destined for the corpse, "and sit down. You will need a hat also. There hang two by the door for you to choose from."

The bewildered vagrant was destitute, and he was tempted. "The coroner also has a bill," he said slowly. "He must consent that I be buried as a log, and no harm will come to me. Then, perhaps—"

The gloom was fading; the undertaker's spirits revived. "The coroner's consent? It shall be had. I will go to him directly."

"And the gendarmes shall not molest me?"

"We shall see to that."

"Then I consent, Monsieur—"

"Grace au ciel, you are sensible."

"But not without misgivings," he added.

"All this time we have lost in argument. The sexton will be here shortly," said the undertaker, preparing to leave. "Let us hustle in this log; it will give weight."

The stranger took hold of one end of the log and the undertaker the other and it was quickly placed in the cheap coffin. The undertaker bundled up the cloth which had draped the supposed corpse and threw it across the coffin for the use of the sexton. "I will leave you to screw down the lid," he said as he hurried toward the door. But he stopped on reaching it and said:

"Before I get back the sexton may be here for the body."

The stranger started uneasily at this, but he did not reply.

"He will wait here till my return so that I may help him load it in the cart."

"What shall I do then?"

"You must not be seen. He is so near-sighted he probably would not recognize you, but should you hear him coming you must hide."

"But where?" asked the stranger, looking around. "I see no place that would be safe."

"Crawl into this casket," said Mons. Coteau, pointing to the empty one, "and pull

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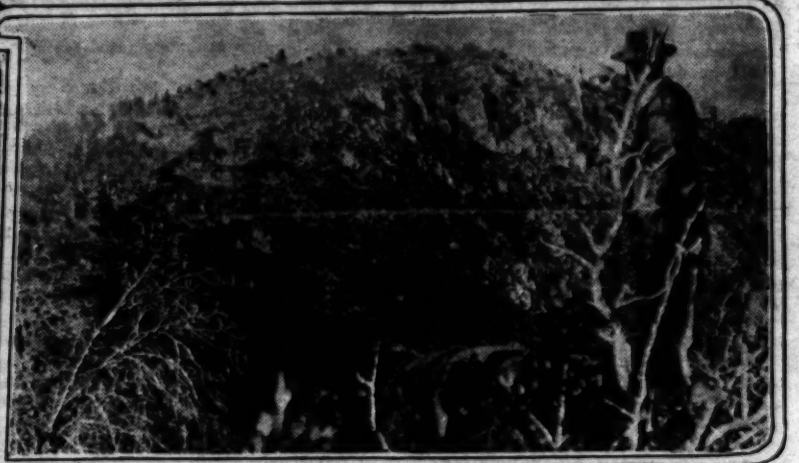


# A MOUNTAIN THAT IS WORTH KNOWING.

Strawberry Peak and Flat. By William M. Bristol.



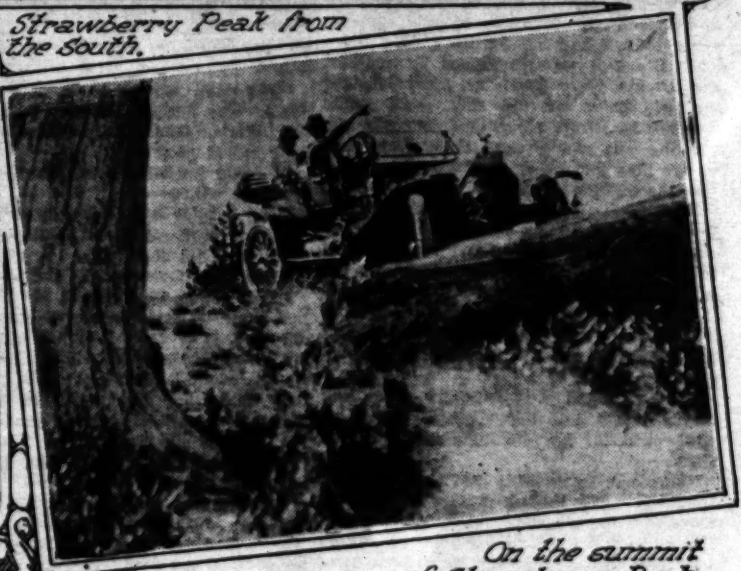
Camping at Strawberry Flat.



Strawberry Peak from the South.



William Stephen Bard of Strawberry Flat.



On the summit of Strawberry Peak.

COMPARATIVELY few people outside of San Bernardino county have heard of Strawberry Peak, in the San Bernardino Mountains. It rises above and to the northeast of Arrowhead Mountain and, with an elevation of only 6150 feet, it is, relatively, a pigmy among giants; for Mts. San Antonio (Old Baldy) to the westward and San Bernardino, San Jacinto and San Geronimo (Greyback) to the eastward, all exceed 10,000 feet, the latter reaching an altitude of 11,485—nearly double that of Strawberry.

In spite of its modest stature, however, Strawberry Peak is the most commanding point in a mountainous region forty by twenty miles in extent. Thirty-five States in the Union have no elevation as great as that of Strawberry. From its summit the dun-colored Mojave desert to the north is visible, stretching away to Death Valley and to the Colorado River. At its southern base the checkerboard of the citrus orchards is spread out in a mosaic carpet. The giant peaks mentioned, forty miles away, together with the heavily timbered slopes and valleys surrounding it, complete a cyclorama diversified and charming in its vastness. To the northeast the blue waters of Little Bear Lake are visible and to the westward the rustic cottages and cabins of Pinecrest, Skyland Heights and Thousand Pines glimmer in the forests.

At the northern base of Strawberry Peak is Strawberry Flat, a famous mountain camping ground. It should be stated that the term "flat," as used in the mountains, is relative only, being applied to those areas that seem level in comparison with the adjacent steeps, although they may slope several hundred feet per mile. Strawberry Flat is flat neither in its topography nor in its appeal to lovers of nature. Its wide, rolling campus is strewn with giant oaks and surrounded by groups and groves of pine and cedar.

There is little privately owned property at Strawberry Flat, but Uncle Sam, as personified by Forest Supervisor Charlton, Forest Ranger Chandler and Forest Agent Uncle Billy Stephen, is a paternal and hospitable landlord. Two hundred lots 50x150 feet have been staked off for rental. Of these 100 have been leased and fifty built upon. Although these lots are not sold, continuous possession is assured so long as the modest rental of \$15 per year is promptly paid. A leasehold is, perhaps, even better than a deed—for the tax collector never barks at the door of the lessee.

There is no fishing at Strawberry Flat, but Little Bear Lake is only five miles away, while Seelye and Huston creeks are yet nearer, and all are reached by good roads and trails.

The story of Strawberry Flat would be incomplete without mention of Uncle Billy Stephen, Scotchman, septuagenarian, poet, Greek, Latin and Shakespearian scholar, United States Forest Agent, Deputy Sheriff for twenty-five years, deputy Registrar of Voters, Federal caretaker, correspondent of the San Bernardino Sun, wood merchant and First Citizen of the Flat—all in one and all at once. He settled at Mormon Spring near by in 1888, coming to Strawberry in 1903. Were patriotism and public spirit as ram-

phant among our native-born as in the breast of this adopted son America would need fear no foe from within or from without.

One of the interesting features of the region is the safe and excellent road to the summit of Strawberry Peak, half a thousand feet above the Flat. A fringe of trees just below the crest breaks the otherwise perfect cyclorama. To overcome this it is proposed to build a tower forty to fifty feet in height, using the loose rocks that are abundant near by. This tower, with winding stair and guard rails, would be surmounted by a dial indicator to point out the many places of interest, as is done on Mt. Rubidoux at Riverside. It goes without saying that a tall flagpole is included in the plans for improvement, and an ultra elaborate dream calls for a searchlight for use in times both of war and of peace.

To those inquiring minds that may seek the source of its name it should be explained that the region produces that most delicious fruit, the wild strawberry—not in great profusion it must be admitted, but still abundant enough to be suggestive. Southern California, in common with the arid southwest generally, is not very generously endowed with indigenous fruits, its reputation as a fruit producer being chiefly dependent upon what man, taking advantage of the latent resources and the favorable climate, has accomplished.

There are other Strawberry Peaks and, doubtless, other Strawberry Flats; but surely none more inviting and now more easily accessible than the big little mountain with its charming adjoining playground in the San Bernardino Mountains.

The region is reached by the paved highway leading from San Bernardino to the foot of the mountains near Arrowhead Springs, thence by Waterman Canyon and the grade to a connection with the Crest highway, or the rim-of-the-world drive.

Speaking specifically, the San Bernardino Mountains are that portion of the great east and west range extending from Cajon Pass eastward to San Geronimo Pass—the former pass being the gateway through which the

Santa Fe Railroad enters from the east, while the latter gives entrance to the Southern Pacific. Westward from the Cajon the range is known as the Sierra Madre, and southeastward from the San Geronimo it is designated as the San Jacinto range.

## Quick Work by Actors.

[Kansas City Journal:] Envious persons have been known to pooh-pooh the actor who thinks that his life is not all cakes and ale. Many years ago we thought the limit had been reached when E. L. Davenport acted at a matinee in Philadelphia and duplicated the performance in New York the same night. Later came the sensational jump of Lawrence Barrett by special train from New York to San Francisco in less than four days, and the Joseph Brooks-Janaushek leap from Milwaukee to Philadelphia between Saturday midnight and Monday in time for a regular performance in the latter city.

Once Richard Mansfield's energies compassed a hurry trip between New Orleans and Chicago. On a Saturday evening he presented "Julius Caesar" in the Crescent City and on the next succeeding Monday evening he repeated the experience in Chicago. Meanwhile he had traveled a thousand miles and transported all the ponderous impediments of his well remembered production of the Shakespeare classic. This is how it was done:

A special train in ten cars was under steam in New Orleans at the close of the engagement. As soon as a scene of the play was worked off it was conveyed on trucks to the waiting special. When the curtain fell on the last act the players who appeared in it, without changing their costumes, were driven to the railway station, and the train was out of sight of New Orleans before midnight. Right of way was given for the entire distance, and relays of fresh engines were provided from division to division. Thus a new record between the Gulf and Lake Michigan was made. The running time for the thousand miles was twenty-three hours.

## Trail and Camp.

Fragrant ham and spicy bacon we are putting in the pack;

Frying pan surmounts the lugsack on the patient burro's back;

Turn we from all toil and trouble, from the thronging thoroughfare,

To the soothing pines up yonder—summer time is in the air!

Mountain streams and rock-walled canyons,

Brushy slopes with boulders strewn;

Sun-baked steeps and crunching gravel, alder glens that lure at noon;

Shaded pools and rushing ripples, silver streaks that dark and gleam;

Rod and fly—and flashing beauties from the bosom of the stream.

Curling smoke and crackling fagots, Arab odors from the pot;

Appetites as sharp as razors for the dinner brown and hot;

Swaying hammocks, cool siesta—sorrow for the city folk;

Stilted heels and stiffened collars in the mountains are a joke.

Packs adjusted, cinches tightened, diamond hitch and all the rest—

Off again for Deer Lodge haven, just beneath the mountain's crest;

Monarch pines, majestic balsams, venison hung from boughs above;

Evening shadows, roaring campfire—tales of war and tales of love!

Springing beds of cedar branches, dreams of trophies to be won;

Silver moonlight through the tree-tops, twinkling stars—and morning sun;

Naught to us the toil and trouble of the thronging thoroughfare;

Rest is here and recreation—lords are we of earth and air!

WILLIAM MARION.

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"SPEAKING of this yere German ge-lacyency," said Uncle Charlie Todd, casting a speculative eye on the furthest cuspidor, "reminds me of the Count."

We hadn't been speaking of the German or any other brand of efficiency, but perhaps the dull, throbbing boom of the X.Y.Z. concentrator energetically disturbing the stillness of the hot July afternoon called to Uncle Charlie's mind a vision of the efficient death-dealing apparatus over there in the trenches. Anyway something seemed to be expected from me, so I settled myself more comfortably in the alluring shade of the office porch and lazily requested to be told about the Count.

"Well, this yere Count," began Uncle Charlie, demonstrating his unerring aim with a squirt of tobacco juice, "he really weren't no Count—leastwise not that I know of—but he had an outlandish Dutch name, an' he looked like one o' these yere Counts ye see in the funny paper, so I es-nater-ly started callin' him 'Count,' an' he was one o' these yere thick-headed parties wot don't ketch onto things right away."

"Well, the Boss he rid out from town with the Count in tow one day an' he sez to me, 'Charlie,' he sez, 'this yere gentlemun is a-going to be here fer some time, lookin' over the plant,' he sez, 'an' I want you to fix up the guest room comfortable fer hem,' he sez, 'an' look out fer him Charlie. Look out fer him,' sez he, with a kind of twinkle in his eye."

"Well, jest at that minnit I wuz pritty busy a-lookin' at him, and dad blamey if ever I see a odder specmun. He wuz a big, chunky feller an' a awful tight fit fer these yere short bobby ridin' pants an' coat which wuz wot he had on; his face wuz full an' red an' he had long, yaller moustaches, an' a little bristly yaller pompadour where his forehead oughta been; but wot plumb got my goat wuz a pair of spectacles—the biggest ones I ever see, an' I'll be blessed if the rims of 'em wuzn't black."

"They'd give him that ol' hoss, Jake, to ride, which wuz sure thoughtful o' somebody, 'cause no other piece o' hoss flesh aroun' these parts woulda stood fer the Count's ideas o' ridin'. Poor ol' Jake, though, he wuz jes' so doggone sick an' tired o' life that I s'ppose he figgered another sorrow more or less didn't make no difference."

"Well, after the Boss had left, I busted aroun' an' scraped out the bath tub in the guest quarters, borried some sheets an' things from the boardin' house, an' got the place fixed up real nice an' tidy; took me most o' the afternoon, it did, too, an' when I'd finished I thought I'd jst set down fer a spell an' be sociable. But if you'll b'lieve me when I tell it, that there Count he riz up an' give me a long, fishy stare an' told me 'I could go.'"

Uncle Charlie chuckled reminiscently.

"Well, I went, ruther'n have words. I see he had me sized up fer some sort o' a valley, an' I also see that him en me wuzn't goin' to be what they call 'compatible.' But I didn't say nuthin' at the time."

"Well, come nex' mornin' when I was sweepin' off the porches, out busts the Count out'n his room, very excited an' some mad."

"Tott! he sez, or ruther, bellars at me, 'come here at vunce,' he sez, 'someding has been biding me in the night.'"

"But me—I couldn't move. I wuz jest froze solid, I wuz, by wot I see. Say!" Uncle Charlie took another shot at the cuspidor and turned to me as though he expected his next statement to be questioned. "D'ye know wot that feller had on? Well, I'll 'at my ol' sombrero if that cuss wuzn't all rigged up in a pair o' these yere pyjamas—yessir—an' wot's more they wuz pink. Yep—pink. An'—an' blue, too. Whether they wuz blue with pink stripes or pink with blue stripes my eyes wuz too much dazzled at the time to make out, but whichever way 'twas, them stripes was six inches wide. An' if you'll believe it when I tell it, that gink had onto his feet a pair o' these yere red Turkey slippers—the kind wot curls up at the toes."

"Well, after I got my sight back I moves over to where the Count is standin', holdin' up one pants' leg like a sweet gall graduate holdin' a bookyay, an' exhibitin' a considerable number of bites wot could have been

inflicted by one kind o' insect only—the Arizona variety o' bed-bug. Well, I lets my experienced eye rove over him fer a spell an' then I sez, slow-like, I sez:

"Sa-ay! Don't you all know that you cain't mossey aroun' these yere parts attired in nothin' but that trifle o' rainbow, I sez—indicatin' the pyjamas with my thumb—'without gittin' bit?' I sez."

"No?" sez the Count, very frigid.

"No," sez I, 'an' wot's more, it hain't only bed-bugs wot'll bite ye, I sez, very severe an' earnest. 'It's scorpions an' tarantlers, an' centipedes, an' alacrans, an' swifts, an' Gily monsters, an' vinegerons, an'—an' rattlesnakes,' I sez."

"Well, the Count he wuz some interested in spite o' hisself, an' decided to let up on that glassy stare wot wuz a speciality o' his'n an' set a piece an' hear some more. There wuz a hammick-chair right near him an' jest as he goes to set down, there in the seat o' it, I sees the biggest, nastiest-lookin' scorpion I ever set eyes on—jest a-waitin' fer him it seemed like; sort o' plannin' to initiate him. Well, I'll be dad-blamed if he hadn't set down before I could open my mouth. But he got right up."

"Settin' on a scorpion is like settin' on a pin, on'y considerable more excitin'. 'It's liable to be dangerous an' it's liable not, accordin' to how often you've been bit an' wot sort o' constitution you got, but one thing it sure is, an' that's 'burnin' uncomfortable."

"I didn't blame the Count none fer lettin' out the bunch o' yeips wot he did, 'specially when he turns aroun' an' sees wot has bit him an' also 'specially as I had jest been describin' same as 'deadly pizenous,' but it sure wuz a scan-elous display o' uncontrolled emotion the way that there Count cavorted aroun' hollerin' things in Dutch at the top o' his lungs even after I had told him he wuzn't necessarily a-goin' to die. I thought the man would go plumb loco. It wuz all I could do to ketch him."

"Say, I yells, a-grabbin' holt o' his arm, 'you gotta cut out this yere fandango light now,' I sez, 'an' we got to take you right down to Doc Bradley's!' You see I wuz a leetle might scairt myself, bein' as I wuz supposed to act as a sort o' nurse-gal to the feller."

"I guess you never knowed Doc Bradley, did ye? Well, he wuz the assayer here fer a spell, but his real talents wuz fer doctorin' an' bug-ketchin'. I guess he got the bug-ketchin' fever after he set up shop here, bein' as the place wuz jest a mess o' tenderfeet an' so many people wuz gittin' bit all the while by the different kinds o' reptiles that Doc spent most o' his time doin' the first-aid ac'. An' that's when he started this yere collection o' insect's an' sarplints peculiar to these parts. Dad blamey, if ther wuz any sort o' thing wot crawls aroun' yere that the Doc didn't have a pickled specimen of, I'll eat it. An' besides all this yere bottled goods he had a sort o' zoo out back o' his little shack; had a tame road-runner, an' a pet black-snake, an' a baby coyote an' a few other critters, but I disremember jest wot. Well, the Doc, he wuz a funny character; good feller an' all that, but kep' to hisself like a regular hermit, never wuz knowed to laff, an' only talked when he could git somebody to talk about bugs."

"I sure surprised a human exclamation out'n him though when I busted into the door o' his room a-leadin' the Count by the hand. The Count he wouldn't wait to put no decent clothes on hisself, but jest stamped off in the general direction of the Fatherland, an' I wuz scairt t' death Miss Bowie from up the boardin' house would look down there an' see him. I chased after him, an' got a good holt on him, an' we made time down to the Doc's. An' say! Talk about yer sensations! The greasers workin' along the road thought we wuz some sort o' a show advertisement, an' whooped an' hollered as we whizzed past, an' some o' 'em follered us. But the Count, he weren't thinkin' o' nothin' ner nobody principally—an' he kep' up a continous but hisself. He give a panicky squeal with each hop he took—an' he wuz movin' in hope streak o' Dutch—cuss words, I reckon—but by the time we got there his breath wuz so give out that he could only groan deep and pitiful."

"Well, after I had explained him an' his

troubles in a few, terse words to the Doc, I delikitty withdrew an' took up a watchful waitin' attitude on the outside o' the shack, an' dad blamey if I didn't hang aroun' there more'n hour. Then I begun t' git kinder nervous. 'Lordy,' I says to myself, 'I hope the Doc hain't found it necessary t' amplate, I says; so I went to the door an' give a little knock. But no answer. I could hear voices in there, though—leastwise one voice, the Doc's—an' purty soon after knockin' three or four times an' gittin' no response I went in."

"Well, there wuz the Doc with his arms a-goin' like windmills, an' his tongue a-waggin' like a bell-clapper, an' it wuz plain to be see that he wuz givin' the pore Count a illustrated lection on the different kind o' varmints beginnin' with sand fleas an' workin' right on up to diamon-back rattlers. The Count wuz settin' very tender-like on the extreme edge o' a cheer, lookin' like a wilted auroa borealis an' taking' in the Doc's spiel kinder dazed but worshipful, an' before I could pervent it, Doc had hustled him out back t' see the zoo. Well I finally got a blanket throwed aroun' my charge an' led him away from there, but I could see he weren't rational. Kep' mutterin' how the Doc had saved his life an' wot he was a-goin' t' do to reward him, et cetera."

"But after two or three days goin' by very peaceful I thought he'd forgot all about it. He et his meals standin' up for a spell but otherwise he'd never knowed he'd been bit. Mornin's he'd mooch aroun' the works scribblin' in a little book, an' afternoons he'd clamber aboard pore ol' Jake an' go bouncin' off t' town er else out explorin' on the desert."

"It wuz after one o' these yere explorin' trips that he come back with his find. I see him puffin' inter pore one day a-leadin' ol' Jake an' totin' some sort o' a ungainly contraption, so after a spell I made some excuse to go to his room t' see if it wuz something he wouldn't hurt hisself with. I thought I wuz puppered fer any emergency, too, but I sure wuz took aback by wot I finds in the Count's room—which wuz a bird cage."

"Yessir. One o' these yere big, home-made bird-coops wot the greasers have hangin' outside their casaz; an' in it wuz a couple o' the nekkedest-lookin', big-fer-their-age young fowls I ever see."

"Wot the—?" sez I.

"'Iggles,' sez the Count, petered out, but triumphant."

"An' then he explains t' me that he had found a Mexican boy with 'em on the desert; offered twenty-five buchs fer 'em—an' wuz took up without a murmur, an' that now we must be very careful not to let 'em git stole. He had no confidence in the Mex character, he tells me, an' also I made out that he fears some o' 'em will come aroun' demandin' more dinero, which while these yere rare specimens is worth it, a bargain is a bargain."

"Yes, Count, I sez patient, 'but wot is they fer?' I sez."

"A frient,' sez the Count, simple, 'for der collection of a penefactor,' he sez, an' then tells me I can go."

"Well, I didn't ketch on, but I wuz purty doggone supe that there scorpion pizen wuz beginnin' to make inroads on the Count's mentality. After a day or two he quit worryin' fer fear the original Mex owner of theme baby eagles would come aroun' an' stick him fer more cash. Fac wuz it kep' him so busy lookin' after 'em he didn't have time to put his mind on nuthin' else. Talk about eat! The enormous appetites o' them there yappin' Birds o' Nightmare wuz astonishin'. Every day he'd lug a armful o' sirloin steaks an' other luxuries over from the boardin' house, but seemed like he couldn't satisfy 'em. They kep' up a infernal squawkin' day and night till the pore Count wuz near wore out, I guess. An' dirty? Say, I hope I ain't never called upon to ac' as janitor fer no aviary agin. But they sure improved on the treatment we give 'em."

"Feathers begin to come out on 'em—everywhere exceptin' their heads—an' they begin t' look real chipper an' like sometin'. But as they growed an' growed, it begin t' dawn on me that they wuz gittin' t' look awful familiar—an' I alu't never saw no

baby bald-eagles neither. I tries to tell the Count wot's on my mind, but nothin' doin'. He wuz jest tickled t' death with these yere birds that he gits hortier an' hortier every day, so I sez t' myself, 'Well, have it yer own way, ol' top,' but I sure wuz yearnin' fer the day that him and his menagerie would move on."

"An' jest as I wuz about t' give up hope he calls me inter his room one mornin' an' tells me that he's goin' in a week."

"I vill now make der bresendation. Go, fetch der Herr Doctor," he sez. Well, I wuz so thunderin' pleased with the 'ddee of gittin' rid o' the Count an' that brace o' pets that I didn't ketch on to wot he's saying, so he repeats it."

"The Doc?" sez I when I see the light. "Say Count, I sez, 'you ain't a-goin' t' try t' present them there fledglings to the Doc, be ye?' I sez, kinder sympathetic, 'an' think-in' to head him off if it weren't too late."

"As a doken of gradidood," sez the Count, stickin' out his chest, an' I see it weren't no use; so, orders bein' orders, I went an' got the Doc."

"The Count wuz standin' on the steps a-waitin' fer us an' lookin' like one o' these yere Dutch generals about to pin the Iron Cross on a noble soljer. He bows very gracious to the Doc, an' ushers him inter that there menagerie-room o' his'n. I stands back ready t' retreat when the explosion comes."

"Herr Doctor," sez the Count, kin o' kittenish, 'I haff here some rare specimuns of bird life of which I would like to haff your tidinglished opinion. Beholt!' he sez, pullin' off the piece o' canvas he had draped over the coop, 'Beholt! A pair of paby bald-headed iggles,' he sez, steppin' back so the Doc will have plenty of room to throw his joy-fit in."

"'Iggles?' sez the Doc puzzled, an' then he give the funniest cackle I ever heard. It was the only time the Doc wuz ever knowed to laff, I guess. 'Them's buzzards,' sez the Doc, 'fine healthy specimens,' he sez, 'but not rare; an' not exactly suitable fer cage pets,' he sez, serious. 'It's pleasanter to study these critters in their native haunts—not too close though—' he goes on real kind and gentle, 'an' if you'll jest folger yer nose to the vicinity o' Shanney's slaughter-house down the canyon ye can see a million of 'em, any day,' sez the Doc, an' then he absent-mindedly shakes hands with me instid o' the Count an' moseys along off."

"Well, the Count an' me, we wuzn't wot you'd call friendly, but I felt sort o' sorry fer him. He staggers aroun' there fer a spell like he didn't quite realize wot had happened. Then he goes out an' gits on ol' Jake, an' when I asks him, very perlite, where he's goin', he growls out somethin' about 'follerin' his nose.'"

"Come supper time an' the Count didn't show up an' I begin t' git kinder worried, so along about 8 o'clock I meandered down to Slick's Place an' asked 'em if they'd see my Dutchman anywhere. Well, I wuz purty scairt when they tells me that he's been taken over to the horspittle tent."

"Sufferin' from bruises and general contusions," sez Slick, when I demands explanations, 'brought on indirectly by a dose o' Demon Rum.' An' then he goes on t' tell me wot's happened."

"Well, it seems that the Count's accident wuz simple but painful. Ye can't blame him much fer gittin' stewed—don't know but what I'd have did it myself under similar circumstances—but it wuz awful careless o' him t' git on the wrong horse. Seems, that in the bunch o' ponies hitched out in front o' Slick's Place, wuz this yere Pinto, Volcano, belongin' to a puncher from down the valley, an' the Count had jest mistook this yere wildcat hoss fer ol' Jake. He wuz throwed about forty feet, they tells me. But after a day or two he recovers enough to be able to travel."

"I went down t' see him off. The Boss wuz there, too, but the Count he weren't in no sweet frame o' mind—thinkin' about that twenty-five, I guess. Jest as the flivver stage starts up, I calls out:

"Say, Count, wot shall I do with them nestling eagles?"

"Make a bie out o' 'em," squeals back the Count, glarin' at me somethin' fierce, 'an' invade der Doc to subber.'"



Los Angeles Times  
A MOUNTAIN THAT IS WORTH KNOWING.  
Strawberry Peak and Flat. By William M. Bristol.  
Saturday, July 22, 1916.

LYSANDER HAS A TASTE OF REEL LIFE.

Also of Real Life. By Hubert W. La Due.

LYSANDER HARRINGTON JONES and his wife were indulging in a discussion as they sat at the breakfast table. These early morning debates were as much a part of their daily existence as the breakfast itself. They were not acrimonious, however, they were merely attempts on the part of two persons who looked upon life through different eyes to reach some common plane of understanding. Mrs. Jones was romantic and lived in a world peopled by Anthony Hopes; but Lysander was of a highly practical turn of mind and his literary appetite was easily satisfied by the Morning Blade and the Farm Journal.

On this morning the argument concerned motion pictures. The movies marked another step of the riotous life the middle-aged, childless couple were planning to lead, now that Lysander had discovered oil on his property out in Texas.

"Mercy me," remarked Mrs. Jones, "when that hero jumped onto the villain from the third-story window, I had to hold myself into my seat."

Lysander set down his cup of coffee and brushed a stray drop or two from his mustache before replying.

"I presume you refer to that 'Iron Death' picture. Yes, my dear, it was quite a thriller; but really, Hannah, it was too far-fetched for persons as old as you and I are."

"By no means," retorted his better half; "things happen just like that every day in this world. Just the other day I was reading in the newspapers about a man in Arizona who dropped 200 feet over a cliff and was only saved from being dashed to death by catching hold of a mesquite bush half way down the side."

"You're liable to read anything in the newspapers these days," was Lysander's comment.

Mrs. Jones sniffed, but she shifted the conversation to another angle.

"I wish, Lysander, that you would get passes for the Filmpay Company's studios in Hollywood," she said presently. "I want to see some of the pictures acted out."

"I'm not stuck on having you around those fresh actors, my dear. Better give up that idea right now," Lysander folded his napkin and opened the morning paper as if to end the conversation.

Mrs. Jones cleared her throat and answered: "Don't you ever think that I will, Lysander Harrington Jones. Where there's a will, there's a way, and after being married to me these fifteen years you ought to be aware by this time that I possess a tolerably fair amount of will power."

At this juncture, as if also governed by her will power, and just in time to quash a retort on the tongue of Lysander, the door bell gave two staccato rings. Mrs. Jones, as was her custom, peered out through the window to ascertain the identity of her caller.

In the driveway before the house stood a large, vermilion automobile. Its only occupant was a young woman, dressed, Mrs. Jones observed, quite as richly as that model of the films, Theta Beryl, who represented in her mind all that was ideal in chic costume. Evidently the man at the door, also young and a criterion of sartorial art, was her companion.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, bustling back into the dining-room. "And me in an old kimono. Lysander, go to the door and see what they want, while I fix up a little."

She began to do things quite rapidly and deftly to her hair. Lysander obediently trotted out to discover the object of such early and evidently important visitors.

"Good morning, sir," began the young man, when Lysander had opened the portal. "I am Henry S. Lyman, a director with the Filmpay Picture Company. We were passing by in search of a location for a few scenes in a coming production and it struck me that your home here, being a little away from town, and having a driveway and grounds, would be just the thing. Is it possible that you would be kind enough to allow us to use them for an hour or two?"

"H-m-m," grunted Lysander. "I hardly—"

"Certainly you may," broke in Mrs. Jones, who had hastened for primping for fear of missing part of the conversation. "We shall be more than pleased."

"Madame," replied the caller, bowing. "I

thank you for your courtesy. It will probably be of interest to you, also, if you are among the many persons who have never seen the 'wheels go round.' You can stand right beside me while we are filming the scene."

"I've been crazy to see some pictures made," admitted Mrs. Jones. "This will be a great opportunity. I wonder," she added as an afterthought, "if you and your party would enjoy a little tea after you finish work here. I would like to meet them personally."

"Nothing could please us more," answered the director, with a smile. "By the way, would you like to meet our new leading lady, Miss Marston? She has just arrived from New York. Oh, Miss Marston, will you come here a minute?"

The young woman in the automobile nodded assent, and came over to join the group on the veranda. Lysander, who had been scowling in a rather surly manner, brightened perceptibly when he took note of her lithe figure, blue eyes, and the wisps of golden hair that strayed from beneath her smart hat.

"Miss Marston, meet Mr. and Mrs. Lysander," Mr. Lyman stopped expectantly. "Lysander Harrington Jones," supplied that gentleman proudly.

"Oh," exclaimed the actress, "not the Lysander Jones I was reading about in the Los Angeles papers—the one who found oil on a supposedly worthless piece of land out in Texas and sold it for over \$1,000,000?"

"The same," affirmed Lysander modestly. "Pretty lucky, wasn't it? When I traded for that ranch I thought I had been stuck proper. It is the old story of the man who laughs last. Now Hannah and I can afford some of the things we have been hankering for."

"Yes," added his better half, "we can expand some. I have always wanted to go in for art and travel and such kind of diversions; to say nothing of owning a vacuum sweeper, and an electric washing-machine and solid silverware for everyday use, and an automatic piano, and \$15 corsets, and—"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Lysander, in confusion, turning his face away from Miss Marston.

"Anyhow," continued the obdurate Hannah, "you can see how it is. We've already got some silverware and two paintings that Lysander paid \$10,000 for—though I declare, they make me blush every time I look at them—and some other things like that; and as soon as the war is over we're going to Europe. If it hasn't been shot all to pieces by that time."

Both Lyman and Miss Marston nodded appreciatively.

"But that's neither here nor there," said Mrs. Jones, "and I presume you are too busy to listen to an old lady's foolishness. What time will you be here tomorrow?"

"Will about 2 o'clock be convenient?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Jones, "and don't forget the tea."

Mr. Lyman bowed, replaced his Panama, and escorted the actress to their machine.

"Lysander," remarked Mrs. Jones, after the car had whirled out of sight. "I don't like the way that woman looked at you. No woman has a right to look that way at a married man."

"I am certain, my dear, that there was nothing in her actions that could be criticized in the least," Lysander said meekly.

"She seemed to me to be all that one could ask for in the way of modesty. It is too bad that a girl like that has to mix with a crowd of smooth-talking, evil-minded—"

But his better half had vanished into the kitchen, where she was giving Martha, the hired girl, instructions regarding dinner.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the following afternoon the big, vermilion automobile rolled up the driveway and came to a stop. It was followed by a runabout of more modest make.

Henry S. Lyman stepped from the larger car and doffed his hat in true metropolitan manner as Mrs. Jones ran out to greet the party.

"The sun is right, and we may as well start in at once," said the director, turning to Miss Marston. She nodded assent.

"Hannah," declared Lysander impressively as he watched the preparations, "R

makes me feel creepy to think we can go to a theater and see our own house right on the screen, with people moving about in our front yard."

Mrs. Jones's answer was rather irrelevant. "I wonder," she said, "if Martha has enough sense to set the table right for tea. I gave her a picture from the Ladies' Home Companion to go by, and told her what silver to use, but you can't expect a hired girl in this town to know how things are done in society."

The camera was finally set to Lyman's satisfaction. The operator then squinted through it, waving his hand right and left, while the director scattered dashes of powdered chalk at different intervals about the porch and windows.

"All right," said Lyman to one of the actors, "walk along between these lines and see if we can get your action without your falling out of the scene." Then, turning to Lysander, "May we have the front door unlatched and put two sacks of old cans and newspapers just inside the hall? We will have to use them during the scenes."

Lysander assented, and himself helped attend to these matters. When everything was in readiness, the director asked for attention and shuffled through his script.

"Before you start, won't you please tell me what the story is about?" Mrs. Jones asked. "It would be much more interesting to watch."

Lyman looked up hesitantly. "I'm not supposed to let anyone know the plot until it is released," he answered, "so much of our stuff has been stolen, you see. However, it won't do any harm to give you an idea of what it is about. Later on, you can go to a theater and see for yourself."

Mrs. Jones and Lysander waited for him to proceed.

"It's this way: Miss Marston is the heroine. She has two admirers, one of them being the hero, a young lawyer, and the other a handsome but worthless clubman, who is really a clever society crook. The lawyer finally finds out the villain's true character, and pursues him just as he is planning to rob the heroine's home, which in this case is your house here. The villain and his accomplice, however, capture the hero while he is pursuing them, bind him and drag him to a deserted shack; then in their runabout they proceed to carry out their robbery. The hero manages to get free, and staggers out into the road. At that moment, the girl chances to be coming by in a big touring car. She picks him up, hears his story and rushes him to a doctor. Leaving him in the doctor's office, she bravely starts home to capture the thieves. She interrupts them in the middle of their work and despite her screams and struggles they bind her, finish their job and are about to leave when the hero runs up the front steps. Seeing him, the thieves jump from the window, get into their runabout and start to flee. The girl and the hero are right after them in the larger car. Suddenly the runabout hits a stone in the road, and plunges over an embankment, killing both of the crooks. Of course, there is a love scene after that, and the film ends very happily."

"Mercy! How thrilling!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

"Rot," declared Lysander, shaking his head. "You can't feed an intelligent public on that sort of stuff. Why don't you folks put out something true to life once in a while, instead of filling your pictures with daylight robberies, 100-foot falls, pretty-girl heroines and adventures and fashion-plate crooks?"

The director laughed heartily, and replied: "The people like sensations, and pay good money to see them. Besides, on the whole, I think our stuff is fairly close to realism."

Lyman took a squint at the sun and terminated the conversation. While he watched them closely, the "movie" society thief and his confederate went through their paces. Miss Marston, well made up, also rushed into the scene, and the hero followed close behind. One of the crooks received a few scratches in falling from the front window, but aside from that, the rehearsal went off without a mishap. Lyman, however, did not seem to be pleased.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "What kind of

acting do you call that? One would think you two thieves were entering that house as honored guests, instead of to rob the place."

"As for you, Harding," turning to the hero, "you can do better than that. Register desperation and anxiety. Remember that your sweetheart is supposed to be inside, in the clutches of merciless criminals."

"Miss Marston, just a little core animation. I believe it would help the action of the others if you uttered a scream or two inside. Now let's go over it again, and also we can get a little of the auto-chase scenes. Get into the cars and make a fake at starting. Ready?"

Again the crooks forced their way into the house, followed by the intrepid Miss Marston. Her shrieks served their purpose by galvanizing the leading man into a quite realistic rescuer. He dashed up the steps and through the open portal. Mrs. Jones clasped her hands in delight.

There was a slight delay while the operator tinkered with some obstinate cog that had gone wrong. Then the camera began to click steadily once more. The two plunderers again appeared at the window with their sacks of swag, and clambered out onto the ground. There ensued a desperate race to the two automobiles.

"Hold your positions," shouted Lyman.

At his command the cameraman lugged his machine to the bigger car, where it was set up in the tonneau, and arranged so its perspective would include the front seat and the runabout ahead.

"We'll take a strip showing the pursuit," explained the director to Lysander and his wife. "It will take only a few minutes, and then, of course, we'll be back. You see, we haven't forgotten that little feed you promised us, Mrs. Jones."

Lysander, with his wife at his side, watched the energetic director climb into the big car. The cameraman began to reel off yards of film, the two men in the runabout jammed levers and pedals into position and started off. At the same time the hero threw in the clutch of the touring car and they were off. The heroine fired blank cartridges from an ugly-looking revolver. Above the din, Lyman's voice could be heard shouting multitudinous directions. Thus they turned from the driveway into the main road.

"Excitement enough for a lifetime," remarked Lysander, gazing after the rapidly-disappearing machines. "I suppose this stuff ought to go big with the credulous public. Bah!" He spat disgustedly.

"It's wonderful," declared Mrs. Jones. "Isn't it romantic, to be loved by a man as handsome and brave as the hero, and the rescue and all?"

"Oh, it may be all right in stories and pictures," was Lysander's comment, "but the fellow who sticks to the farm or grocery store, and leaves the police to gallivanting around after burglars, is the one who wins the women. Besides, crooks don't go about robbing houses in broad daylight to give lovelick swains any such opportunities, in real life."

"If you only had one tiny spark of romance in you," sighed his helpmate, "but I guess you never will. I'm going in to see if Martha has everything in shape for tea, so we can sit right down when they get back." She walked toward the house.

A minute later, Lysander, who had stopped to set a sprinkler going on the lawn, was startled by a succession of shrieks emanating from the house. Sprinting up the walk and into the house, he encountered Hannah. She was wringing her hands.

"Come quick!" she cried. "Martha has been killed."

He followed her into the dining-room. There lay the hired girl, neatly trussed with several lengths of rope. But she was very much alive, as was evident when her gag had been loosened. She told a wild story of having been seized by two men, and despite her screaming and kicking, bound and gagged. The men, she said, then proceeded to put all the silverware into sacks and left her.

"I wonder—" began Lysander, grimly. Impelled by a disquieting thought, he ran into the living-room. The two \$5000 oil paintings had been cut from their

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Conditional Forgiveness.

HARRY and James, brothers, were in their playroom for a little recreation after supper. Harry hit James, and in midst of the quarrel the nurse happened in with the news that it was time for them to retire. James was put to bed first. The nurse said: "You must forgive your brother before you go to bed. You might die in the night." After a few minutes elapsed James replied: "Well, I'll forgive him tonight, but if I don't die he'd better look out in the morning."—[Chicago Herald.]

Bottled Provisions.

CAPT. JOHN STEVENSON met a recent arrival from the "auld country" and speedily got into a chat with him over conditions there. The new arrival told, feelingly of the terrible toll of war upon the fair land of Scotia, the sad tales of young men killed and maimed, the sufferings of the families left behind. His was a right and tale in every way. "Why, mon, we're jist plum distractit wi' it," he concluded. "And I suppose the war has caused the price of provisions to go up in Scotland as well as everywhere else," commented Capt. Stevenson, with sympathy. "Aye, mon, ye're richt," agreed the visitor. "Provisions has gone up in price saxpence the bottle."—[The Argonaut.]

Too Costly.

AT ONE of the Boston theaters recently there was shown on the screen a picture of a stock exchange. The brokers were hurrying about, pushing, waving their arms, gesticulating, and, to the uninitiated, acting like a lot of insane men. Two young ladies in the balcony watched them with breathless interest for some time, then one asked: "Why in the world don't they sit down and rest once in a while?" "My dear," was the enlightening answer, "don't you know that a seat in the stock exchange costs thousands of dollars?"—[Harper's Magazine.]

Doing the Work of the Army.

BY A PIECE of good luck, the new recruit had been appointed orderly to his captain and the latter was now giving him his instructions. "You're to rise at 5 o'clock," he said, "shave yourself and clean your boots and equipment. Then you clean my boots, buttons, belt, etc., shave me, see to my horse—which you must groom thoroughly—and clean the equipment. After that you go to your hut, help to serve out breakfast, and after breakfast lend a hand washing up. At 8 o'clock you go on parade and drill till 12." The recruit, whose face had been growing longer and longer, then interrupted: "Beg pardon, sir, but is there any one else in the army besides me?"—[New York Globe.]

A Practical Sweetheart.

THEY were shortly to be married, and now they were sitting in his study, meditating on the blissfulness of futurity. "Algy," said the young lady, suddenly, "every morn you send me violets which at even you have culled, don't you?" "I do," responded the ever-faithful, "let the cost be what it may." "You darling?" A long pause for ocular operations. "But I should like to suggest," murmured the sweet young thing, "that some mornings you might send up a pound of mutton chops or a couple of best loaves. It wouldn't cost you half so much, but it would make a splendid hit with the old folks in these increased cost of living times."—[Chicago Herald.]

The Needful.

WHAT the use of all these here elegies and faldorals? demanded the old man, as he looked over the list of subjects his son had been studying at col-

lege. "Why don't they learn you somethin' useful—somethin' you can make money out of?" "Money isn't the only thing in the world, father," said the young man, reprovingly. "Mebbe it ain't, son. Mebbe it ain't. But I notice it's the only thing you ever asked for in the letters you wrote to me and your ma while you was in college."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

The Only Way.

TRADE was bad. At the end of another blank day the discouraged salesman called on another prospective customer and asked to show his samples. "No; there is nothing I want today," said the customer. "But will you just examine my line of goods?" the salesman persisted. The customer would not. "Then," said the salesman, meekly, "will you let me use a part of your counter to look at them myself, as I have not had the opportunity for some time?"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Giving Her an Object Lesson.

MRS. SAFT came in from a chat over the fence with her neighbor, and her face was hard and red. "Come here, Tommy!" she commanded her young son. "I am going to punish you, but open the window first!" "What for?" said Tommy, beginning to weep. "Well, I have just heard that that cat across the road said I have no authority over you, and I want her to hear you getting a whipping. Come here, sir!"—[Chicago Herald.]

All the Same.

ONE: Of course, they are nice to have, but they're a lot of trouble just the same. Two (with a sigh): Yes, they are. One: Cost a bunch of money, too. Two: You're right, they do. One: 'Tisn't the first expense one minds—but the upkeep is fierce. Two: Don't I know it? One: Always something wrong with the blamed things, and then there is nobody but a specialist who can tell what it is. Two: That is true. One: Still, after you've had one or two of them, you couldn't get along without them. Two (brightening): That's what I think. One: Yes; still, it's an endless worry keeping them looking trim and shining, and gasoline and tires are going up— Two: Gasoline and tires? Good heavens, man! I thought you were talking about babies!—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Then the Star Twinkled.

LONG had he worshiped her at a distance, but his shyness prevented him from proposing. Then, one night, for the sweet sake of charity, a theatrical performance took place, in which the charmer was the leading woman, and more adorable than ever. Afterward the shy admirer drew near his sweetheart, made valiant by the sight of her beauty. "You are the star of the evening," he said, as they stood alone in a corner. "You are the first to tell me so," said the damsel, with a happy blush. "Then," he retorted promptly, "may I claim my reward as an astronomer?" "What reward?" she asked. "Why, the right to give my name to the star I have discovered," the young man said, speaking boldly at last.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Helped by the Sermon.

A COLORED preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Brothers an' sisters, Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin ob shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' 'gainst de black rascality ob liftin' pullets. But above all else, brethren an' sisters, Ah demostriates yo' 'gainst de crime ob melon stealin'!" A brother in a back seat made an odd

sound with his lips, rose and snatched his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whuffo, my fren," said the parson, sternly, "does yo' rar up an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speaks of melon stealin'?" "You jes remim's me, pahson," the man in the back seat answered, meekly. "wha' Ah let mah knife."—[Unidentified.]

He Wanted to Know.

ROBBIE'S first experience of a concert hall was a great mammoth entertainment in aid of a patriotic fund. The most celebrated soprano of the day was engaged in singing to the accompaniment of a famous orchestra when Robbie and family arrived. The small boy at once became interested in the gesticulations of the conductor. "Mother, why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?" he asked. "Hush, dear; he is not shaking his stick at her." But Robbie was not convinced. "Then what is she screaming for?"—[Pearson's Weekly.]

Just in Style.

YOU have a complaint to make, madam?" asked the milkman. "Yes, I have," said the lady of the house at the door. "The milk you have left for three mornings is blue—absolutely blue." "Well, my dear madam, you must know that blue is the season's most fashionable color. Now, if it were purple or pink you might complain, but nothing can be more fashionable than blue just now, madam, I assure you."—[Yorkshire Statesman.]

Shrewd Beggar.

A MAN, while walking with two ladies through one of the principal streets of London, saw a man begging. One of the ladies, who had evidently seen the mendicant before, said: "This is the most singular man I ever heard of. No matter how much money you give him he always returns the change and never keeps more than a penny." "Why, what a fool he must be," replied the man. "But I'll try him, and put him to a little trouble." So saying, the man pulled from his pocket a sovereign, which he dropped into the beggar's hat. The mendicant turned the coin over two or three times, examined it closely, and then, raising his eyes to the countenance of the benevolent man, said: "Well, I'll not adhere to my usual custom in this case. I'll keep it all for luck, but don't do it again." The donor opened his eyes in astonishment and passed on, while the ladies smiled with delight.—[London Answers.]

Of Course.

GERMANY, in acknowledging the ter- pedology of the Stammer, was only acknowledging what everybody knew. The speaker was Senator Alvarez, the Brazilian coffee king. He continued: "Germany in this connection reminds me of a parlor maid who had the bad habit of keeping her mouth open when serving. 'Her mistress often rebuked her for this habit. One afternoon at tea the mistress beckoned her and said: 'Jenny, your mouth's open.' 'Yes'm,' the maid answered. 'I opened it.'"—[Washington Star.]

Too Much to Believe.

THE late Bishop Hare, said a Sioux Falls physician, "used, very reasonably, to impute skepticism to misunderstanding. 'He once told me about a Philadelphia business man of skeptical tendencies, who said to him: 'My dear Mr. Hare; I do not refuse to believe in the story of the Ark. I can accept the Ark's enormous size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained, but when I am asked, my dear doctor, to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness—well, there I'm bound to say my faith breaks down.'—[Living Church.]

His Tribute.

THERE was an old farmer who was widely known as the crosscut, closest and most generally amiable citizen in the whole State. Like other mean men, he lived to a ripe old age, but eventually he died, and his friends went ahead with plans for his funeral. Now, it is customary in the case of rural funerals for those who attend, as they stand by the coffin, to murmur some eulogy of the dead. A number of farmers came in and said things which didn't square at all with the old man's life. Finally an aged man, who had known the deceased all his life, hobbled in and stood by the coffin. The aged man was known as the most truthful man in the county. Hence the other people present waited with interest to hear what he would say. The old man gazed down silently for a while. He paused. Finally he spoke. "Wal," he said, earnestly, "nobody kin deny that he was a great hand for closin' his stable doors o' nights."—[Washington Star.]

Blissful Depravity.

IN A BORDER southern town lives an elderly negro carpenter, who is locally distinguished for two things—his use of large words and his abiding fear of his wife, who is big, impressive and domineering. In this town a trio of young professional men keep bachelor quarters together. "Boss," inquired the old man, in the midst of his work, "does you white gent'mens live heah in total depravity of de feminine sex?" "We do," was the answer. From the bottom of his henpecked soul the old darky fetched up a long, deep, sincere sigh. "Well, sah," he said "if I was ex you is, I should suittingly remain so."—[Saturday Evening Post.]

Two is Company.

AFTER saying his prayers at night the 7-year-old-son of parents in Larchmont announced that he was so tired of the kind of life he was compelled to lead that he believed there was nothing for him to do but to run away. The father considered the matter thoughtfully and then said: "George, if that is the way you feel there is money in my purse here; you may take it all." The boy packed his grip, got to the front door, came back on the ground of having forgotten his toothbrush and went upstairs again. The parents were much disturbed to know what he would do. He opened the front door, went out on the veranda, and all was silent. The father and mother looked at each other, but thought the course they had adopted the best, and hence did not make a move. After fifteen minutes of intense anxiety the door opened and a boy's voice called out: "Say, dad, if I'm going away alone, I'd better take mother along. don't you think?"—[New York Times.]

The Best Passage.

SOMEWHAT conceited clergyman, who was more celebrated for the length of his sermons than for their eloquence, once asked the late Father Healy what he thought of the one just preached. "Well, sir," replied the humorist, "I like one passage exceedingly well." "Indeed, Father Healy, and pardon me for asking which passage you refer to?" "Well, my dear sir," replied the wit, "the passage I refer to was from the pulpit in the vestry room."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Why, Thomas!

WHY is it that the telephone operators are all women? Mrs. Thomas asked her husband. "Well," answered Mr. Thomas, "the managers of the telephone exchanges are aware that no class of people work so faithfully as those who are in love with their job; and they know the women love their work at the switchboard." "What is the work of a telephone operator?" Mrs. Thomas further inquired. "Talking," answered Mr. Thomas.—[New York Times.]

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